THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON [illegible] PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Poetry.

THE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

[illegible] sigh for their regalias,
[illegible] dainty cups of tea,
[illegible] in this pleasant world
[illegible] chorus for me,
[illegible] gossip
[illegible] neighbors as they pass,
[illegible] the latest fashions,
[illegible] in the glass.

[illegible] nice and easy,
In a cosy old arm-chair,
With the open casement nigh you,
Filled with fragrant summer air,
And the "weekly paper" lying,
With its choicest gems of thought,
Wholesome stories, poets' musings,
From the far-off city brought.

[illegible] your quiet window,
In the [illegible] country here,
Where the cricket low is chirping,
And no jarring sounds are near,
Food it gives to lightsome, cheering,
For your sometimes doubting mind,
And it brings with modest teachings,
[illegible] that you could never find.

And I know that you will join me,
When I wish there soon might be
One in every cottage window,
From Nebraska to the sea.
And that all their happy inmates,
On the prairie, in the glade,
[illegible] to read them and to love them,
And would SEE THE PRINTER PAID.

[illegible], July 24, 1854.

Original Novelet.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER;

OR,

THE FATAL VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE," "SHANNONDALE," "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IX.

MARIAN.

Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated is her mind;
A spirit that with noble pride
Can look superior down
On fortune's smile or frown;
That can, without regret or pain,
To virtue's lowest duty sacrifice.
Lord Lyttleton.

After despatching a wagon, well loaded with all necessary provisions, and many comforts and luxuries, for Old Field Cottage, Mrs. Waugh mounted her mule, and attended by Jenny on another, trotted off towards Benedict.

[illegible] Henrietta was never thoroughly provoked before this. These usually calm, bequiet souls, when they *are* moved, are very deeply troubled, indeed. She rode on, in [illegible] very like sullenness, feeling a [illegible] repulsion toward her old invalid [illegible] a dislike, bordering upon contempt, for Mary L'Oiseau, and her small selfishness and [illegible].

Old Jenny, excessively social and loquacious, like all her race, made several attempts to open a conversation, persevering until her mistress, speaking for the first time, said,

"Don't bother me, Jenny."

And at this really unprecedented rebuff, the old woman sunk into a mortified silence, that [illegible] the remainder of the ride through [illegible].

When they reached the village and the little hotel, and were shown into the small, shady parlor, Mrs. Waugh found Edith and Marian [illegible], and enjoying more comfort and [illegible] than might have been expected.

Edith reclined upon a lounge, with a thin handkerchief laid over her face.

And Marian sat, not too near, busily plying her needle—how her fingers flew! yet with what [illegible]. That was the first thing Mrs. Waugh noticed as she entered the room. The young girl raised her blooming face, and arose, and came forward.

"Why, how busy you are, my dear! How [illegible] fingers *do* fly—perhaps that is what keeps them so fresh and roseate."

"Perhaps. But one of the things my mother succeeded in impressing upon my mind was, *the value of time as capital*—the only capital of the [illegible]—the only inheritance which all have received alike from the Heavenly Father. Now I have a plenty of time, and no lack of work; and whatever my hand 'findeth to do,' I 'do it with my might!'" said Marian, smiling and [illegible].

There was a frank, confident, cheerful [illegible] in everything the young girl said, or did, or looked, that had the most encouraging and inspiriting effect upon any one who saw or heard her. The little fog was charmed away from Henrietta's temper by the sunniness of Marian's presence.

"And Edith, my dear—?"

"She had a quiet night—took some little breakfast this morning, and has been lying very still—as you see her—all day."

Henrietta walked softly towards the sofa, and Edith drew the handkerchief from her face, and held out her poor, thin, transparent hand.

Mrs. Waugh took it, and caressed it a little, and bent over and softly kissed the sufferer, and sat down by her.

But Edith turned her head to the wall, and again covered her face with her handkerchief.

Henrietta looked at Marian for an explanation.

And the young lady pointed to a rocking-chair at some distance, which Henrietta arose and took.

A few minutes passed in silence, during which Marian busily plied her needle, and Mrs. Waugh, from her distance, watched Edith, who lay without [illegible] motion.

At length Marian arose, and beckoning the lady to follow her, passed into the bed-room. When they were in there, and the door was softly shut, Marian said,

"You must not mind Edith's way. She cannot bear the very near approach of any human being—even of those she loves best. Not that she is unkind—poor thing! she is gentleness itself—she does not repulse any one—but you see, she shrinks away like a sensitive plant—and if with mistaken kindness you persist in trying to comfort her, she falls to trembling, or [illegible] into spasms. Absolute rest, silence and [illegible] is the only state that does her any good. And, thank Heaven, since you left yesterday, we have been very quiet. There has been no [illegible] in the entries—no travellers have [illegible] passage, and we have had the [illegible] all to ourselves. The landlord [illegible] told me that it should be so as long as we stay."

(I might as well explain here, that upon the day before, Clendenlay Mornington, having accidentally learned the arrival of Edith, the circumstances of her widowhood, destitution and illness, and the presence of herself and friend at the noisy little village hotel—had taken the landlord aside, and enjoining the strictest silence as to his agency in the matter—had sacrificed his half year's allowance of pocket-money, to procure for the young sojourners the exclusive use of the parlor, and passage way and street door communicating with their room.)

"I am very glad to hear that you have been so comfortable. And since that is the case, perhaps I had better not hurry you away immediately. It was my intention to have taken you and Edith off this afternoon—but she really looks so feeble that another half day and night of undisturbed repose seems absolutely necessary for her. She will probably be better able to bear the ride to-morrow morning."

"I think so, too," said Marian. And thus the matter was decided.

Mrs. Waugh then explained to the young girl the arrangements that had been made for their accommodation at Old Field Cottage, apologizing, at the same time, for the small size and solitary situation of the house, and bitterly regretting that she had not in herself the power to offer a home at Luckenough.

"But now do you know that I think what has been provided is just the best possible provision in the world for Edith? Think of it! Under present circumstances, it would drive her crazy to live at Luckenough. The cottage is just what she needs—it offers her the solitude, the silence, and the perfect rest she craves. As to its poverty of accommodations, that too falls in with her mood. Edith, like many other mourners in their first bereavement, is possessed of a certain asceticism, and will enjoy no luxury, or even comfort, if she can help it, because the loved and the lost are not to share it with her. And I really do not think nature ever errs in these things—and I think if they are not opposed, they help to soothe the sharp pains of sorrow, and afterwards they gradually wear out."

"Where did you get your wisdom, my dear girl, and you so young—too young to have known much trouble, or to have had much experience."

"I have seen a great deal of other people's sorrows, and my little experience has been of a sort to make me observe and reflect. But let us talk of Edith—you need not be afraid that she shall suffer for any comfort upon account of the *distance* of the cottage from the village. I am a good walker, and can go ten or fifteen miles without much fatigue."

"And do you think that I shall allow anything of that sort? No, my dear—I shall send over the pony that used to be Edith's, and my own mule also, and oats and corn for both.—Consider, my *dear* girl, that I have the *right* to provide for all the wants of your little household. What a well-ordered little home it will be with you at the head of it, I am sure!—and I will do my best to *anticipate* all your wants, but if I happen to forget any, call upon me with the utmost freedom and frankness, as upon one who considers herself very deeply obliged to you for all your kindness and attention to her own niece."

Mrs. Waugh then arose to take leave, and they went to the parlor. Henrietta went to the sofa, and stooped and kissed Edith, merely whispering, in a low voice,

"Good-bye, dear child; I will see you again in the morning."

Edith took her hand and pressed it in silence. And so they parted.

Mrs. Waugh went home.

The next morning at sunrise the family carriage stood at the door, and Henrietta had it well packed with everything that she could think of to add to the stores sent on the day before. And leaving word for the family to sit down to breakfast without her, she entered the carriage, again accompanied by Jenny, and drove to Benedict.

She got there in time to eat breakfast with Marian. She then insisted upon settling the whole bill at the hotel, and had all the baggage belonging to her two protegees packed into a cart, to follow in the wake of the carriage.—Then, assisted by Marian, she dressed Edith, and placed her on the back seat of the carriage, and herself and Marian occupied the front seat. Jenny rode in the baggage cart.

And so they set forward towards Old Field Cottage. Their way lay over desert meadows, through remnants of the forest, over the old sterile fields, for seven miles, to the sea-side cottage.

It was ten o'clock when they reached it—the snow lay drifted all around the deserted cottage—no road was near it, except that made by the provision wagon that had come the day before.

Edith was lifted out, and borne over the snow into the house. And the rest of her party followed. The room was just as we have seen it in the time of Mrs. L'Oiseau's residence there—with its low ceiling, its white-washed walls, sanded floor, pine table, flag-bottomed chairs, plain shelves, and corner-cupboard, filled with blue delf ware; there was no lounge nor easy chair to receive the languid frame of the invalid. She had to be carried up stairs in the arms of Oliver, and laid upon her bed. When she had fallen into a sleep of exhaustion, Mrs. Waugh and Marian left her, and came down stairs and had a talk.

"Now, is there anything that you can think of that I can send her, my dear?" asked Henrietta.

"Yes, Mrs. Waugh, if you will be so good. You know that she cannot stay up in that loft every day, and all day long, as well as all night, and neither can she sit up down here—"

"I see she needs a couch and a lounging chair for this room, and she shall have them. I will send them over to-morrow. Is there anything else?"

"No, madam."

The floor was crowded with the unladen contents of the two baggage wagons. And Marian was already busy among hampers, baskets, bundles, bags, casks, kegs, etc., arranging them in the cupboard or under the shelves.

Mrs. Waugh looked as if she wished to assist, but she was all unaccustomed to the use of her hands, and she could only call Oliver from watering the horses, and Jenny from gathering wood for the fire, to come in and assist in clearing the room and packing away the provisions.

When all this was done, and the fire was blazing cheerfully, and the kettle singing over it, and the little round table set out with some of the dainties she had furnished, Henrietta only waited to partake with Marian of the first meal eaten in the little home—"a tea dinner"—and then took leave, promising to visit her at least three times a week.

Henrietta reached Luckenough about sunset, little thinking of the furious storm that was to meet her there. As she drove up to the house and alighted from the carriage, one of her favorite housemaids came out with a frightened countenance, and drawing her aside, whispered,

"Please, mist'ess, go up to your room, and 'tend like you're got a berry bad head-ache."

"And why should I do that, you blockhead?"

"'Deed, mist'ess, honey, ole marse done got de debbil in him, an' I wouldn' wonder what he'd do! 'Deed, mist'ess, don't you go in dar, honey, please. You take 'vice. 'Deed he is got de debbil in him, honey—'deed he!—chuck up to his berry t'roat!"

"So much the more reason for my going to him. He has bottled up Satan against my return. He will let him off, and get rid of him as soon as I appear," thought Mrs. Waugh, as she passed into the house, and sought at once the presence of the angry man. She found him stamping up and down the hall—*alone*—he had frightened every living creature from his proximity. Mary L'Oiseau was cowering in her distant chamber, Jacqueline off into the forest, the servants all huddling together in the kitchen—the very dogs had sneaked off and were trembling in their kennels. And the Commodore strode up and down the hall, in the solitary majesty of his own demoniacal passion. In his best moods he was unfortunately very ugly, but now, in his diabolical anger, he was hideous—his huge form, and humped shoulders, and big head, and grizzly hair and beard, and fiery visage, adorned with that flaming scar—all, as it were, lighted up and glowing with fiendish rage! As soon as Henrietta appeared, the storm burst upon her devoted head.

I am not about to describe this scene—it is unfit for repetition here. It is sufficient to say that the Commodore had learned all that his wife had been doing for Edith—and now he poured out his wrath without measure; all that a coarse and unscrupulous old man roused to fury would say and do, was said and done—infamous charges, degrading epithets, and brutal and violent threats were hurled at, were showered upon good Henrietta. He called her an artful, designing woman, a deceiver, a household traitress—nay, he did not scruple many times to call her a thief—accusing her of purloining and appropriating property to which she had no right. And since he could not prosecute her, as he would any other malefactor, he should use his own authority, and punish the felony as it deserved. And so he strode and swore and gesticulated—stopping once in a while to shake his fists in Henrietta's face. It took about three hours for him to blow and storm himself down into a state of exhaustion.

And there sat Henrietta just as quiet as if she had been a wax figure, labelled, "a fat, comfortable, middle-aged woman reposing." So she had sat many times before, waiting for the tempest to subside—only *this* time had he but noticed the set of her mouth!

As it was, her very immobility at last added fuel to the fire of his rage. He suddenly stopped before her, and looking as if he was about to seize her, exclaimed,

"Why don't you speak then, madam? What have you to answer to all this? What can you say? Why don't you speak?

"Because that which I have to say, should be heard by a man in his sober senses—which you are not," said Henrietta.

"Oh-h-h! Tah-h-h! Pish-ish-sh! Tush-ush-sh!" and every other expression that would throw contempt and scorn upon her words, and—"What is it then?"

"Anon—presently, Commodore! What I have to say, shall be said some half hour hence, when you have blown off the last of your anger. Will you please to begin again, and not stop till you get through?"

He *did* begin again! And his first fury, violent as it was, was a mere jest to this one—he became actually insane, maddened, frenzied. More than once Henrietta felt herself in imminent personal danger. It was terrific—but it was the sooner over. In less than half an hour his strength was thoroughly exhausted, and he let himself drop into his elbow-chair as feeble, as helpless, as much in need of a restorative as a fainting girl.

Henrietta contemplated him, as he sat there gasping and blowing, and blunderingly wiping his inflamed and streaming face. At last she spoke—

"What I had to say to you, Commodore, is this—listen, for believe me, it nearly concerns our future life."

"Go on, ma'am."

"You know well enough that I am not subject to tempers, not apt to speak from excitement, and not a woman of *vain words*."

"Too much preface, ma'am—too much preface by half."

"Very well; to proceed—I need not remind you what my regard for you has hitherto been. You know that I was betrothed to you at the age of fifteen—that you went away, and for twenty years was lost to your family—during the whole of that time, even when believing you to be dead, I remained faithful to your memory. At the end of that time—at the age of thirty-five, I found myself an old maid—but still an independent and happy old maid, with my fortune and time at my own disposal. Then you suddenly re-appeared—unrecognizable, a weather-beaten, battle-scarred, disabled old man. And when you asked me to redeem the pledge I had made you twenty years before, I left my free and happy life, to become your nurse and housekeeper. You know how light and pleasant your amiable temper rendered my tasks. Enough! What I have been to you for the last fifteen years, it better becomes *you* to remember than *me* to recapitulate."

"You are turning off fine phrases, I think, madam!"

"I can turn off *coarser* ones better adapted to your comprehension, Commodore Waugh."

"Damme, madam, what do you mean?"

"Only this," said Henrietta, "I mean that the scene of this afternoon, shall never be repeated with impunity—I mean if it should be repeated, *to leave you at once and forever!* And I am not one to make vain threats."

Had the roof of the house fallen, had the sky dropped, had the surface of the earth collapsed—had any of these impossible things happened, the Commodore would not have been more completely astounded, more utterly overwhelmed! Henrietta leave *him*; *he* do without Henrietta? Was ever such a thing heard of in all life's impossibilities? He sat back perfectly immoveable, with his eyes staring forward at her until they seemed swelled to double their usual size, and threatened with the fate of the proud frog in the fable. He looked really pitiable. Henrietta proceeded without mercy,

"Heretofore I have submitted to all your whims and caprices, because they did not interfere with the discharge of my Christian and social duties; I have submitted improperly even then perhaps. I do not know that it was well so to have fostered your ill-humors. But I had, as I still have, a very strong attachment to you, wherever in nature the strange affection could have come from. Now, however—to use a phrase not too 'fine' for your comprehension—you have got to the length of your cable with me; you can go no farther at all, without cutting loose, breaking with me. What *I* have done for Edith, has been done at my own proper expense. I should scorn to remind you, were it not necessary, that Old Field Cottage was a part of my own dower—that Jenny, whom I have sent thither, was my own woman, and that the provisions I have sent, were purchased with my own funds. I have seldom applied to you, Commodore Waugh, for money to carry on the household expenses. It seems very mean and miserable that I should have to say these things to you, but it is absolutely needful to do so. And, moreover, I assure you, Commodore, that whether you like it or not, I am fully determined to provide for Edith and her little household; and remember, she is *your* niece, not mine. I intend to send her over the sofa and the easy-chair from my bedroom; and also my mule and the pony that she used to ride, and a cart-load of provender for them. And I shall also settle a pension on her. This, I feel to be incumbent upon me, and shall do it at my own cost, and whether you like it or not. But, Commodore Waugh, I repeat it, if you *do* impede me in the performance of my Christian duties; if you *do* harass and wrong, and abuse me about them; I will, so Heaven help me! separate myself from you at once and forever."

"You—you—you are heated! You—you are angry. You speak from excitement, Henrietta," stuttered the confounded and discomfited old soldier.

"No—I never get excited. I am *cooled* by what has passed—not heated. I am not moved to anger, Commodore, but to *action*. You know it. And you know I will keep my word. For I am not one to use vain threats, or having formed a resolution to repent of it, or having taken a step to retrace it. And so, Commodore Waugh, I leave you to think upon what I have said." And Henrietta arose and gathered her shawl around her shoulders, and went to her chamber to take off her bonnet and prepare for tea.

He sat there, looking after her image immovable—his nerves and brain almost in a state of disorganization. "Think" of what she had said! He didn't know *how* to think—he had never thought in his life. Henrietta had always been his thinker—he had considered it a part of her duty. *She* had always *thought* for him, as she had nursed him, kept house for him, managed his farm, and balanced his accounts. And now, suddenly, to call upon him to "think"—the most difficult of all the rest! He couldn't think, that was all about it! his brains were in a state of semi-decomposition, and had long ceased to perform any other function than that of a very dull galvanic battery, to propel the turgid blood in its downward ebb. So he sat there as helpless as an old lion without claws or teeth, feeling himself to be not a dangerous brute, though he could roar so terribly.

Henrietta's matrimonial admonition had been administered with all due privacy and discretion. Yet what is there that transpires in a house full of servants, especially of old family servants, who have an interest beyond mere curiosity in knowing everything that happens, that is not discovered and discussed? It was therefore well ascertained that the Commodore had been put down, that the household "Thunderer" had been silenced, and that his throne was a stool of repentance! And so the Commodore shared the bitter fate of "Darius great and good," and other fallen potentates, and was not only deserted but derided "at his utmost need." Mrs. L'Oiseau kept a discreet distance, knowing not how to steer her course to avoid the Scylla and Charybdis of the opposed parties. For though Henrietta was decidedly Lady Paramount, yet the Commodore alone possessed the power of bequeathing Luckenough. The very servants no longer flew to do his bidding—perhaps, because the dispirited old man had ceased to use the moving arguments of candle sticks and pokers hurled at their heads. The Commodore was a dethroned despot, and so everybody took sides against him.

Everybody but Jacqueline. It was impossible to calculate what would be that elf's course of action in any given case—no conclusion could ever be drawn from her precedents or from a knowledge of her character—it was sure to deceive. One thing alone you could reckon upon—if you should expect her to pursue *one* course, you might be sure she would pursue the *other*. Upon this occasion any one in the world who knew Jacqueline and her little eccentric antecedents, might have reasonably supposed that she would have strongly opposed herself to her uncle. Not she. *Now* he was the weaker party, and a certain chivalric generosity always led Sans Souci to range herself upon the weaker side—very often that was the only test of right and wrong, and reversing the code of the world, Sans Souci was too apt to consider the weak and defeated *always* right, and the strong and victorious *always* wrong. So Jacqueline adhered to the Commodore in his mortification. She hovered about him, ran his errands, picked over his tobacco, filled and lighted his pipes, combed his hair and beard, and did everything she could think of to mitigate his case. And when nothing could move his melancholy, she would break out in something like the following strains of flattery and consolation:

"Never you mind, Uncle Nick! 'Spose you *were* naughty—you've got the same right to be naughty that other people have, I reckon, and so don't you feel cut up about it!"

"But I've *not* been naughty, Jacqueline," would the Commodore answer, almost meekly, "I only wanted justice—what was in the bond, you know!"

"Never mind, Nunky—never mind whether you have or not! You've got as much right to tell fibs about it as the murderers have to plead 'not guilty.'"

Oh! such a deep groan would be the comment upon this!

"Don't you take on so, now, Nunky. Don't groan—swear! Raise a row, and make a tremendous noise! Fire off your blunderbuss as fast as ever you can load it! And blow the whole house sky high!"

"Um—yes—I know! I should like to do that—but then Henrietta would leave me, Jacko—*she would, as sure as shooting!*"

"Oo-oo-oo!" cooed Sans Souci, pursing up her lips and raising her eyebrows, "is that it? Now I know!"

Soon after this, Jacqueline took it upon herself to arraign Henrietta.

"Now, aunty, just you tell me what you've been doing to uncle to make him mope about so, like a poor old turkey gobbler with the distemper?"

"Does he?" said Henrietta, absently.

"'Does he?' Why, anybody can *see* he does! He's lost all his pleasant old ways—he never stamps up and down the hall roaring and bellowing and scaring the old beams and rafters into shaking agues—and he never throws the cats out of the window, nor kicks the dogs, nor flings his boot jack at Bill's head, nor does anything he used to do! He's lost all his liveliness. He'll pine away and die, I know he will. Now what have you done to him?"

"Nothing improper, Lapwing."

"I don't know what *you* call improper, I am sure, aunty. *I* think it was shocking to treat him so. And he the Head of the family!"

"Yes, but, my dear, suppose the 'Head' were so heated and inflamed as to be almost crazy, and in danger of getting quite frantic and doing the other members some fatal injury, wouldn't you clap a lump of ice to the 'Head' to cool it down and make it sensible? And now, my little Lapwing, if you can understand what I have said, so much the better, but whether you can or not, go now and wait upon your uncle, attend him as devotedly as you please, the better you serve him the more I shall be satisfied with you, only, my dear, don't presume to lecture your aunty, that is quite beyond your province, my little Lapwing."

"Well, that is right *downdacious!*" exclaimed Jacqueline, "aunty not only mutinies against the Commodore, but rebels against me!" And from that time Sans Souci made common cause with her uncle, and became the strongest and most uncompromising of allies.

Nevertheless, Henrietta's star was in the ascendant and reigned supreme. And to do the good creature justice, she did not abuse her power. She was more attentive than ever to the invalid soldier, and more careful than ever of his interests, but she *did* send over the sofa and easy-chair, and the mule and pony, etc., to Edith, and she *did* also settle an annuity upon her—being the half of her own income from her bank stock. As for the Commodore, when he recovered from his first panic of astonishment, the new necessity of moderating and controlling his furious passions proved very beneficial not only to his moral but to his physical health; and he began to miss those sudden and violent attacks of illness that had so often brought him to the brink of the grave, and that had always been traced back to these frantic outbreaks of temper as their cause. Not that the old soldier was wholly reformed in that respect. By no means—a sudden and total suppression of his passions might have killed him; but he was so modified and improved that life at Luckenough grew much brighter and more comfortable.

CHAPTER X.

HOUSEKEEPING AT OLD FIELD COTTAGE.

She hath no scorn of common things,
And though she seems of other birth,
Yet patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.
She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone or despise,
For naught that sets one heart at ease
Is low esteemed in her eyes. *Lowell.*

It was a very interesting little family that settled down at the bay side cottage—the tiny family of three in all.

There was Edith, with her low illness and her still sorrow—her sorrow that had passed through all its violent, passionate and frenzied stages, and had settled into this deep, calm despair, out of which, if you will be patient with her, it will also pass, for Providence is a wise, beneficent father, and Nature is a tender, nursing mother, and they will bring her through. For the present blame her not that she lay upon her lounge always as still as death, with her slender white hands clasped above her head, and her handkerchief thrown over her eyes, as if to shut out the sight of all earthly objects—that she lay there with her fair face growing paler, and its blue shadows deeper, day by day.

There was Marian, beautiful and blooming Marian, with her young wisdom, her cheerful temper, and her ready sympathies—with her swift, light step, her busy, nimble fingers, and her prompt, despatchful industry. She cheerfully and confidently assumed the whole care and responsibility of the small household, and diligently occupied herself with its interests, and with manifold, affectionate preparations for the welcome of the little pilgrim, who, she trusted, would shortly bring hope and love back to the young widowed mother's heart, and sunshine and gladness to her humble home.

Lastly, there was Jenny, with her indefatigable hands, and, alas! her indefatigable tongue, too—a source of ever fresh entertainment to the English girl, to whom negro character, not as it is falsely presented in books or comic songs, but as it really exists in the south, full of indestructible self-esteem, disinterested affections, and audacious wit and humor, was entirely new, quaint, and piquant. Not the least amusing to Marian was the air of perfect kindness and sincerity with which Jenny approved and patronized *her*, telling her that—the English were "jes as good as white people when they 'haved theirselves." And often the maiden's merry laugh would have rung out in silvery cadences, but that it was arrested on her budding lips by the thought of the suffering mourner on the sofa, to whom laughter, sunlight, and music were as yet insupportable.

Marian busied herself with making the tiny cottage more comfortable and attractive. Remember it had but two rooms, one below and one above, the upper one being nothing but a chamber in the roof. And Marian thanked Heaven that it would take but very small means to furnish both as neatly and prettily as needful, thus naturally with her bright, cheerful temper, finding in the very meagreness of space a cause of congratulation. Marian set about preparing and adorning that upper room for Edith. It was a very fair sized chamber, coarsely lathed and plastered, and roughly floored, and had a good sized window at each end. The east one with a view of the bay, the west with one of the forest. The only furniture of the room was two bedsteads and beds, covered with blue checked counterpanes, and a tall, three-legged, old pine toilet-table, without cover or looking-glass. Marian and Edith occupied this only sleeping-room, while Jenny slept down stairs upon a mattress that was taken up every morning.

But Marian, as I said, set about preparing and adorning this humble chamber for Edith. She went to Benedict, and by the sacrifice of a rich pearl brooch, an heirloom, and Marian's only ornament, she procured money to buy her materials and send them home in a hired cart. And the next day all her improvements were so quietly made, as not to attract the attention of Edith, lying still upon the sofa, with the handkerchief over her face.

And now see the room after Marian had metamorphosed it. The walls were whitewashed—the floor covered with delicate straw matting—the two beds with fine white counterpanes—the two windows were shaded with plain, deep-blue paper blinds, and draped with clear, white muslin curtains, and her toilet-table covered with a top piece and valance of white dimity, and adorned with a bright, little looking-glass, and a pretty bottle of cologne, a tasteful pincushion, and other little matters. Opposite this toilet was a new wash-stand, with a pure white service. Near Edith's bed was an invalid's chair, with a foot cushion. And there were two plain stands, and two other chairs. Lastly, in one corner stood a pretty new cradle, all made up with its little bed and pillow and sheets—Marian's stolen, delightful work for a week past, and all covered by the finest white Marseilles quilt. It was near evening when the room was finished, and Marian stood with her cheeks glowing with exercise and satisfaction contemplating her work—she thought the pearl brooch well bestowed, and never did the vainest beauty enjoy the display of her costliest jewels as Marian enjoyed this appropriation of her only one. Ah, if Marian could only have had in addition to the satisfaction of doing good—the pleasure of giving delight! But *that* she knew was impossible—she could not give Edith delight—nothing could do so. And her unspoken conclusion was endorsed by Jenny, who was tipping daintily over the clean straw matting, and settling here and there a fold of the white draperies.

"But Lor' Gimini! it ain't de fust bit o' use, far as *she's* 'cerned! It's obery singly bit hev away on *she!* ten to one she'll not 'serve whedder dese yere nice 'Sales quilts ain't dem der funnelly ole blue cottin counterpins! 'Clare to Marster in hebben, ef it ain't right 'scouraging to see how she *do* go on layin' oberlastin' on dat sofa, like a dead corpse laid out!"

"We must have patience, and leave her to Nature a little longer. I have the greatest faith in Nature. 'Nature,' you know, 'is the handmaid of the Lord!'"

"Is she? I nebber hear tell o' dat before. Yes, but now I thinks ob it, *some* handmaids 'lects ob der duty, an' idles about. May-be dat's de way *Nater* do! Leastways, ef Nater didn't get Miss Edy out o' dat der putty soon, I'd try somet'in' else—'deed me!"

Marian smiled, and they went below—Jenny to get tea, and Marian to sit down by Edith's couch and ply her needle, her rosy fingers flying like a bird.

At night, when Marian helped Edith up stairs—Jenny attending with a light—the invalid entered the chamber, casting her eyes around in a languid, absent manner, that left it in doubt whether or not she saw the change. Even the vexed exclamation of Jenny—"Dar den! what I tell you? She don't notice a singly thing!"—failed to attract her attention.

But Marian led her up to the little cradle, and asked,

"What do you think of this, dear Edith?"

The widow cast a weary, saddened glance upon the pretty novelty, and turning away her eyes, said, mournfully,

"It is no use, dear, the child will die."

"Not a bit of it!" said Marian, cheerfully, "the child will live!"

"Ah, me! why should it?"

"Why? Why, I suppose, because if the little creature should have any voice in the matter, it would like to have its lifetime, as well as other people. But I know it will live, because it will bring blessings for its mother and her home; and because I am sure the Lord knows that there never was a baby more really needed in any house than that is in this—and there never was one more ardently desired, or that was more warmly welcomed than yours will be."

No more was said then. Edith had spoken more than she had at any one time since her bereavement, and Marian hailed it as a promising symptom. And she thought that the time had now come when it was right to modify her "let-alone" system in regard to Edith—when the mourner might be gently drawn, without pain, from her self-absorption, and interested in the business of life and the hopes of the future. And Marian resolved to proceed accordingly.

The next day Edith lay as usual upon the lounge, with her arms laid up above her head, her slender white hands clasped, and the handkerchief thrown over her face.

And Marian sat near her, busy with her needlework, her rosy fingers flying with their usual celerity. She was a dear, pleasant girl, and a beautiful creature to look at as she sat there. Do you see her? in her plain, light-blue gingham dress, with her plump, rosy arms and neck, and her fresh and blooming cheeks, and full ripe lips, and clear, kind, blue eyes, and golden bronze hair, rippling in bright wavelets off her white forehead, and gathered in a burnished knot behind, from which here and there a stray tress twists itself out in a tiny, glittering, spiral ringlet? Do you see her, as she bends lightly over her work, with her flying fingers—a work that never seemed toil, so pleasantly was it done, and so cheerful was her countenance, and so happy her voice. At length she took from her work-basket a tiny pair of infant's socks, that she had knit of white lambs' wool—now Marian thought if there was any article of a baby's dress pretty, suggestive, and even touching, it was the little socks—so, holding them towards Edith, she said,

"How do you like these, dear Edith? do you think they will do?"

The mourner did not hear; but upon Marian's repeating the question, she drew the handkerchief from her face, and turned her eyes upon her sister.

"How do you like these little socks, Edith? Please look at them. I think they are pretty—and I have other pairs—rose-colored, and straw-colored, and azure."

"Trifles! trifles! and useless—all!" said the sufferer, turning away her face. "Oh, Marian! make two shrouds instead. We shall die—I and my child."

"Not you. Not either of you. You will live, and learn to enjoy life," said Marian, cheerfully, as she resumed her work.

"But, Marian, I wish that we may die! I hope and pray to die, with all the poor, feeble power of hoping and praying that is left in this broken heart. I hope and pray to die. It is all that I have left to wish for!"

"You have much better things than that to hope for, dear Edith."

"Oh! Marian! do you know—can you know how hopeless, how joyless the future spreads before me? How loathsome is life—how welcome would be death!"

"But you will get over this, dearest, dearest sister, you will get over this. You are so young yet, dear Edith—only three or four years older than myself."

"So young, am I!" repeated the mourner, in a voice of despair—"so young am I! Ah! that is the very worst of all—the worst of all that is left, I mean—to think that I should have to carry this aching heart, this sore, sore heart through all the stages of life down to deep old age! Long ago, long ago I would have quieted this aching, throbbing heart, whose every pulse is a pang, in the first deep water that offered a resting place, but for the fear of God!"

"You forbore to die for the fear of God, go a step higher, dearest Edith," said Marian, her young face in a glow of faith and hope, "resolve to live for the *love* of God!"

"I cannot! oh, I cannot, Marian! I have no strength and no desire for strength to live! Prometheus chained to his rock with the vulture preying on his vitals. Such should I be, bound to life with this devouring grief eating out my heart! Oh! this gnawing, gnawing worm of grief! I cannot, cannot bear it through long years of life!"

"Nor will you be called to bear it long. Nature will heal the bruised heart, you will be drawn out among your brothers and sisters of this earth, you will lose the intensity of your own grief in seeing how many people there are in the world as surely, as heavily bereaved as yourself, yet living on in the cheerful performance of life's duties—you will find people to whom your life will be of the greatest service, and you will find some who will love you tenderly, as I do, Edith. And finally you will recover and forget your early sorrows, and will live a long and useful and happy life!"

"Forget! *I* forget! Oh! no, no, no, no! Oh! never, never! I can never forget him—*could* I ever forget Michael? Oh! Michael! Michael!" she cried, passionately bursting into a vehement fit of weeping, and burying her face in the pillow.

Marian's bosom heaved, and the tears swelled to her eyes, but she repressed her emotion, though her voice faltered when she spoke again.

"No, you will never forget him," she said, gently, "that is not what I mean, or wish. His pure life, his lovely self-devotion, and his early martyrdom, you can never cease to remember. But memory will cease to be the poignant anguish that it is—it will become a gentle melancholy, when you will speak of him without pain—then a tender reminiscence, when you will love to talk of him—and lastly, a sweet, solemn, holy thought, verging into a Divine hope, which you will not care to speak of, but will ponder in your heart. And this sweet time will come, dear Edith, when the pang of the violent severance of *persons* is over, and you begin to feel the impression of his continued existence—his great spiritual life—and of his frequent presence and loving watchfulness over you. You will feel this—you will feel, in some respects, a closer union with him than you had before. You shake your head, dear Edith! You do not feel that now? I know you do not! no mourner does in the first bitter days of bereavement. Your intense longing for the bodily presence, your despair and your unbelief keep out his pure spirit, that would visit and bless you—bless you in the divine, new intelligence he would inspire in your brain, and the heavenly charity he would breathe in your heart. So come the ministering spirits of the departed to their loved ones on earth—*not* manifesting themselves to sight or hearing—for disembodied spirits do not act with material organs upon material senses—but visiting us in spiritual impressions, in beautiful inspirations. So come the Heavenly ones, dearest Edith!"

"You speak like one acquainted with grief—yet you cannot be, Marian. You! a young, blooming, happy girl."

"You think so! yet I am an orphan, dear Edith. Before I saw you, I had lost every one in the world who loved me—there was not one left. I saw my father die—then my mother—and Michael's father, whom I dearly loved—and lastly, Michael. Do you think I am heartless, dear Edith? Do you think I did not share your grief for Michael? I did—not in the same intensity, for I know and realize what that which we call death really is. I have felt the spirits of my loved departed revisit me again; I have felt them in the deeper insight into spiritual things, in the increased joys of my soul's life—in its enlarged affections, elevated thoughts, and accession of faith and hope and love! I feel that Michael watches over us—not only from his heavenly home—but he draws near to us—he sees all that I am trying to do to reconcile you to life and to life—and that helps me to persevere. Dearest Edith, it is only the bitterness of your sorrow that keeps you from realizing this consolation—but that will have an end, and then you will find even in this world, him whom you think you have lost!"

"Never! Never! for the bitterness of death will never have passed."

"It will, dear Edith! I have seen a great deal of trouble in this world—much of my own, and much more of other people's—yet I never saw a sorrow either of my own or others, that time and nature and Providence did not cure! Nothing but remorse can be permanent, and even *that*, by the grace of God, is capable of cure. Shall I tell you of the first grief with which I became acquainted? Shall I tell you of my mother, and of her early widowhood?"

"Yes, if you please, dear."

"We were a very happy family, as I remember—my father, mother, and myself. They were devoted to each other, and to me, and I to them. I could not have been over three years and a-half old, when my father was brought home dead—killed by a fall from his horse, Edith. Yet never shall I lose the vivid image of that day—my mother's frantic grief! it was just like your own, Edith—just the very same! human hearts have such a like experience! For weeks she was delirious—and I was doubly orphaned, for she could not bear me near her; and I, child as I was, thought it was always going to be just so. Then she calmed down—but for months lay as you lay, hopeless, helpless, praying for death! That also passed; and then she gradually returned to life—little by little she took to her usual occupations; by degrees she became interested in the business of the world; her cheerfulness returned; she entered society with her former good spirits—and in three years, she formed a second very happy union with the father of Michael. It had not the enthusiasm of her first and never-to-be-forgotten love; but if her own was only a widowed heart, it was to another widowed heart she joined it—and if the union lacked the novelty, charm, and passion of first love, it possessed mutual sympathy, great esteem, and warm and tender friendship. It was certainly a very strong attachment, growing stronger every year. Neither had forgotten their first loves. *He* would talk to mother by the hour of the angel wife he had lost; and mother would listen with sympathy and without jealousy, because had she not shrined in her own heart the sacred memory of her own lost love, although she never spoke of him. Well, they were very happy, notwithstanding their early bereavements. And it is always so, dear Edith, no matter what the bereavement may be—nature, time, and Providence heal the wounded heart, and restore it to life and life's duties and interests. The world could not be carried on else. Life would stop, if every bereaved heart buried itself in the grave of its dead. And what indeed have Christians to *do* with the grave? has not Christ gained the victory over it once and forever? What is the grave, but the packing place for the wornout habiliments of the soul; our loved ones are 'not there, but risen.' If we do not feel it so, then is our religion a cold Theology—a soulless body of a creed—and Christ, the Redeemer, has lived and died, and ASCENDED in vain!" said Marian, with her beautiful face transfigured by inspiration.

And all this time, while she spoke such high truths in her young wisdom, her slender fingers flew, plying her humble household needle, for

"God's poem is the REAL."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES FROM THE TROPICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

NO. XIX.

The Indians of the Interior—A Short Trip up the Essequebo—Reports of Fire-Arms—Appearance of an Indian—A Wedding Scene—A Disappointed Indian Maid.

The Indians of Demerara are a "peculiar people." This morning we bought from two of them their brilliant feather head dresses, and every day we covet some new ornament. They being aware that we are purchasing curiosities to send to the States, often honor us with a call, some of them attired in a complete suit of father Adam's costume, and some in mother Eve's. They have already brought us several miniature Buck houses, pretty little affairs, with drinking cups, cassava pots and graters, water gogglets, pepper-pot *pot*, cassarip pot, benches, hammocks, canoes, bows and arrows, gods and all, on a scale corresponding with the dimensions of little old Puck, yet exact representations of the habitations of these primitive people. You should see them in their native home. There they seldom appear the stupid beings they do when brought into contact with civilized man. Jump in this corial with me. The sun makes for us a pathway of gold. Beds of lily leaves—thrown there for the "sailor-men fairies," if any there be—float along with us, until we sit like a bird on the swift tide, and away we go. The mighty trees that come down to the water's edge, to dip and burnish their tassels in this molten glory, are one of the grandest studies for an artist. Between every opening behold those bits of emerald, hanging motionless to the branches, or flitting through jets of sunshine, like so many gems strung on the zone of daylight. But we came not so much to note these beautiful objects as to see a real, primitive Indian habitation.

We have been all day on the water. Evening approaches, and so, it seems, does the shore. A carpet of flowers, invitingly spread by that good Father—that we shall not "bruise our foot against a stone"—lifts its beautiful surface from the bank of the river. Through branches interlaced, we walk on, when, hark! the sound of a gun crashes through the deep silence. What can it mean? are the natives hostile? We stand quietly, unknowing which way to turn, looking keenly but shyly through the avenues of forest trees, and, spite of our slight alarm, inhaling with pleasure the sweet scents of forest flowers.

Another gun—you start—but yonder Indian, bounding under the huge Trooly leaves, comes forward with a smiling aspect. He is tolerably well-formed, though diminutive in stature, with a bright, twinkling eye, his straight hair hanging glossily under a beautiful coronal composed of scarlet, white, and yellow feathers. On his shoulders sit a pair of toucans, which he has doubtless tamed—a polished bow and arrow depend gracefully from his left hand. Did you ever see a rarer picture—how that some sudden light illumines the rich moss drapery that hangs in such stately folds from the branches of those fine old mahogany trees? And in the distance—hearken to the mournful note of the wood-pigeon, singing its plaintive love-song. But still another sound, like the unskilled music of a barbarian sawing away on a cracked violin—ah! unfortunates! you have no nerves.

The Indian stands quite still for a while, then begins to beckon and point over his shoulder—motion strangely significant. Shall we follow through this well-travelled path, where the moss and dried leaves crumble away at our tread? Why not? the Indians, along this beautiful Essequebo are friendly—let us go.

Suddenly, bursts upon our vision a scene not unworthy the poet's theme. A few Buck-houses somewhat widely apart, are vividly lighted up by the several fires, dancing at different points. Near every fire, a hammock is swinging, some of them occupied—and one by our indefatigable violin scraper, who jumps upright, as nearly as he can, takes a long Yankeeish, scrutinizing "stare," in real bush style, drops on his knees, then on his elbows, and then on his back, with a turn-over which must have been acquired after long and scientific practice—while gradually his coal-black eyes wander from us to the tree above—and we are as little regarded as if we were a couple of letter-wood sticks. That unconcerned fellow is the bridegroom; and yonder moon-cheeked girl, with little round eyes, lugging from the Buck house a huge calabash filled with prepared food—while her husband is playing the fiddle—is the bride. Her sleek face, plump person, and broad smile, show that she at least is contented with her new lot, lazy husband and all; for she looks up shyly but admiringly at him, as if she thought there was not such another—no, not in the whole region of Trooley-trees, and green hearts. Poor little thing, you are a green heart yourself, or you would not be thus imposed upon. She has donned all her finery for this important occasion; part of a green petticoat, a bit of red cloth tied over one shoulder and under the other arm—shoes and stockings of *brown Indian* texture. A few calabashes are placed about the cabins, filled with various *delicacies*—and we must never refuse to eat of their fare, especially their wedding fare. "But what is the marriage ceremony?" you ask. Dear reader, you have seen as much as I have; they have simply resolved that from this hour, they are to be considered as man and wife.

What figure comes hither, bounding like a deer? My word for it a beautiful Indian child, the first really beautiful face I have yet seen among this tribe.

"And form too," cries my companion.

"Why, yes, 'tis certainly singularly fine, but her dress."

"Oh, nothing but an apron worked with beads on a pretty pattern."

"She is not stupidly tame, either."

"No, mark the abandon with which she throws her noble little head aside? Mark the eloquence of the eyes, that, dark and thickly fringed, read us sermons on simple goodness."

"That neat turn of the ankle, and the small well shaped foot, and round shoulders and swelling bust! come here my Peri."

Murmuring an answer in her musical native jargon, she bounds towards her home, and throws herself with the wildest grace, at the feet of an ugly squaw."

"It can hardly be the child's mother," said I, forcing down a not over nice morsel of "fou fou"—(one letter more would express the thing better)—thus—"foul foul."

"No," replied my friend, slyly dropping the contents of his calabash on the ground, "if it is, I'll eat this mess of un-savory pottage."

"It *is*, nevertheless; and it seems like the grafting of a delicious, dewy rose-bud on a hateful thistle bush; but let us go in; the woman speaks English with some fluency."

"Ah! misses," we say, "how d'ye."

A gracious inclination of the head is her only response.

"What matter—what cry she for?" we ask, observing a stout female in the corner, her hair hanging loose, her head reclining upon her hands, and but a narrow, dark thread of forehead visible—"what cry she?"

"Marry Nailaby—no marry she"—and we are led to infer, by broken words and sentences, that yonder great mass of Indian flesh and blood, "sighing like a furnace," is quite miserable and broken-hearted, because her rival has married the lazy Indian, who leaves his wife to carry heavy calabashes, and lies in his hammock, fiddling.

What a pity the boatmen are coming, and we must say good-night to our taciturn entertainers! The little child gives her hand with a shy glance—the homely mother half rises; the interesting "rejected" looks at us for the first time, and the tears dry on her fat cheeks at our offer of a string of beads. The Indian we first met, stands like a king of the forest, leaning proudly on his bow, a little demon of covetousness lurking in each eye, which disappears with the bestowal of a trifle; our calabashes stare emptily at us; our bridegroom gives an unearthly twang with his fiddle, and then grunts a sort of "ugh!" our bride is wiping her hands and mouth on the bit of green petticoat, partly turned towards us, partly to the dish of smoking cassava. The hammock swings—the watch-fires (aside, vermin killing fires) blaze on, and we too disappear in a blaze of glory. Adieu, calabashes!

"DIED YESTERDAY."—Every day is written this little sentence—"Died yesterday, so and so." Every day a flower is plucked from some sunny home—a breach made in some happy circle—a jewel stole from some treasure of love. Each day from the summer fields of life, some harvester disappears; yes, every hour some sentinel falls from his post, and is thrown from the ramparts of Time into the surging waters of Eternity. Even as we write, the funeral procession of one who "died yesterday," winds like a summer shadow along the street.

"*Died Yesterday.*" Who died? Perhaps it was a gentle babe, sinless as an angel, pure as the zephyr's hymn, one whose laugh was as the gush of summer's rills loitering in a bower of roses, whose little life was a perpetual litany—a Maytime, crowned with passion flowers that never fade. Or, mayhap it was a youth, hopeful and generous—one whose path was hemmed with flowers, with not a serpent lurking underneath—one whose soul panted after communion with the great and good, and reached forth with earnest struggle for guerdon in the distance. But that heart of his is still now, for he "died yesterday."

"*Died Yesterday.*" A young girl, pure as the orange flowers that clasped her forehead, was stricken down as she stood at the altar;—and from the dim aisles of the temple, she was borne to the "garden of the slumbers." A tall brown man, girt with the halo of victory, and standing at the day's close under his own vine and fig tree, fell to the dust, even as the anthem trembled upon his lips; and he, too, was laid "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." An aged patriarch, bowed with years and cares even as he looked out upon the distant hills for the coming of the angel host, sank into the dreamless slumber, and on his door-step was next day written—"died yesterday."

"*Died Yesterday.*" Daily men, women and children are passing away, and hourly in some graveyard the sod is flung over the dead. As often in the morn we find that some flower, that blushed so sweet in the mellow sunset, has withered up forever, so daily, when we rise from the bivouac to stand again at our post, we miss some brother soldiers, whose cheery cry, in the sieges and struggles of the past, has been as fire from heaven upon our hearts. Each day some pearl drops from the jewelled thread of friendship; some lyre, to which we were wont to listen, is hushed forever. But wise is he who mourns not the pearl and music lost, for life with him shall pass away gently as an Eastern shadow from the earth, and death be a triumph and a gala.

Selected Articles.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

O [illegible] I stood in the sun [illegible],
As the dawn of your beauty broke;
But I turn'd to the [illegible], as I look'd at the skies,
And [illegible] your sweet voice;
And O, may [illegible] days come yet, I said,
As I [illegible] my [illegible] blossom,
Strong arm of love [illegible]
And I nestled you in my bosom.
May the [illegible] the love-light of her eyes,
May her Life be all Spring-weather!—
Was the prayer of my heart, ere you, Love, and I,
Were Husband and Wife together.

But the sun will shine, and the rains will fall,
On the loftiest, lowliest spot!
And there's mourning and merriment mingled for all
That inherit the human lot.
So we've suffer'd and sorrow'd and grown more strong,
Heart-to-heart, side-by-side, we've striven,
With the love that makes summer-tide all the year long,
And the heart that is its own heaven!
We clung the [illegible] close as the storm swept by,
And kept the nest warm in cold weather:
And seldom we've falter'd since you, Love, and I,
Have been Husband and Wife together!

Like the sweet wild flowers of the wilderness,
You have dwelt life to life with Nature;
And caught the wild beauty and grace of her ways,
And grown to her heavenlier stature!
In golden calm and in quickening strife,
Hath your womanly worth unfolden:
And sunshine and show'r have enrich'd your life,
And ripen'd its harvest golden.
There lurked in the grimmest cloud o' the sky,
There are blessings in wintry weather:
Even Grief hath its glory, since you, Love, and I,
Have been Husband and Wife together.

O, Life is not perfect with Love's first kiss
Who would win the blessing must wrestle;
And the deeper the sorrow, the dearer the bliss
That in its rich core may nestle!
Our Angels oft greet us in tearful guise,
And our saviours come in sorrow:
While the murkiest midnight that frowns from the skies,
Is at heart a radiant Morrow!
We laugh and we cry, we sing and we sigh,
And life will have wintry weather!
So we'll hope, and love on, since you, Love, and I,
Are Husband and Wife together.

"IDLEWILD."

From an interesting letter which appeared in the columns of the *Rochester Advertiser* a few days since, we condense a brief description of Idlewild, the garden home of N. P. Willis. It is situated on the western bank of the Hudson river, a few miles south of the town of Newburgh. In its immediate vicinity are many beautiful country seats, including among others those of J. T. Headley, the artist Durand, and the late lamented Downing, all of which are adorned with the rarest embellishments of art. But Idlewild, situated amid the most lovely scenery of the valley of the Hudson river, is the most beautiful country seat in the region. The domain comprises about one hundred acres of land which, when they came into the possession of Willis, were clothed in a dense black forest of cedars, firs and pines, and other mountain trees, as wild and thick as when the Indian war-whoop echoed through their shades. The grounds possess a great variety of surface, scene, and prospect, and the fine taste of Willis has seized upon every opportunity to enhance the charms which nature has grouped in such harmonious contrast.

Running diagonally through the estate is a broad, deep glen, over whose rocky bottom flows a clear cold stream of water. Willis, by means of jutting rocks and artificial dams, has broken this stream into singing cascades and murmuring waterfalls. In one place he has lured a portion of the waters from their channel, to fill a pond for his gold fish. In another he has taken half the stream to form the shooting jets of a fountain; and still further down the glen he has checked its flow and swollen it into a miniature lake for his little boat. At several points along the stream he has thrown rustic bridges from bank to bank. The view from the lower extremity of the glen upward, through the deep vista of trees joining their branches overhead, is said to be very beautiful. It resembles a vaulted cathedral; and the imaginative may behold in the large brown stones, with their mossy sides, which are scattered in picturesque confusion throughout the scene, gray, cowled monks, counting their beads for vesper prayers. The ground is intersected in almost every practicable direction by carriage roads, and narrow footpaths wind around the sides of the steep cliffs, amid thickets of cedars and pines, clumps of fir and weeping beeches, and solitary old oaks, the majestic monarchs of the forest.

The house is situated on a high point, commanding a view of the noble Hudson on the east, the magnificent scenery of the Highlands on the south, and on the north and west a thick mass of trees, streams, and ruined hamlet cottages. It is built in the English villa style, with piazzas and deep bay windows facing the river, and abounds in gable roofs, with oriels and dormer windows jutting out, and clustering chimneys terminating the pinnacles. The interior is adorned with rare curiosities, collected in Europe and America—paintings of distinguished personages, landscapes of beautiful scenery, marbles, bronzes, medals, statuary, and engravings in rich profusion.

This is Idlewild.

DRESS AND WOMEN.—Some slanderer is guilty of the following: Dress is the great business of all women, and the fixed idea of some. Thus every event in their lives has a change of dress for its result, and often for its cause. In this way, gowns divide a woman's existence into an infinite number of eras and Hegiras. "Such a thing happened at the time when I had my purple velvet dress; such another when I bought my pink satin." To mark important events more precisely, you hear, "The first time he saw me I was dressed in blue." When girls do not marry solely for the purpose of putting on the wedding costume, you may still be certain that it does, in some degree, influence their minds. Mr. ——— never would have been accepted, if his wife had thought only of him; but a veil and orange flower wreath, which sits a bride so well, cannot be worn, excepting on the wedding day, and, in order to marry, a husband is required; so he is taken as an accessory, just in the same way as carriages are hired. Many would very likely prefer to be married without a husband, but that is not the custom.

THE GERMANS.—These Germans seem an odd race, a mixture of clay and spirit—what with their beer drinking and smoking, and their slow, stolid ways, you would think them perfectly earthly; but an ethereal fire is all the while working in them, and bursting out in most unexpected little jets of poetry and sentiment, like blossoms on a cactus.

Nowhere in Europe is railway travelling so entirely convenient as in Germany, particularly in Prussia. All is systematic and orderly; no hurrying or shoving, or disagreeable fuss at stations. The second class cars are, in most points, as good as the first class in England; the conductors are dignified and gentlemanly; you roll on at a most agreeable pace from one handsome station-house to another, finding yourself disposed to be pleased with everything. There is but one drawback to all this, and that is the smoking.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

Miscellaneous.

A SINGULAR PLANT.

[illegible]

An old [illegible] sends us the following highly interesting letter, giving an account of a [illegible]. We hasten to [illegible], reserving [illegible].

During a recent shooting excursion along the shores of the Chesapeake Bay, I met with a plant of so singular a character, that I need offer no excuse for furnishing a description of it to you,—a description less technical than is generally furnished in botanical works, but which may enable you to write one more scientific.

[illegible] a swampy island, some three hundred yards from the shore, when picking my way through a dense growth of [illegible], much more intent upon the [illegible] of the place than its botanical peculiarities, I met with a plant which at once arrested my attention. Its height was [illegible] four feet, and the main stem was an inch or more in diameter, from which lateral branches [illegible] in every direction. I was first [illegible] by the fluttering of a small bird which appeared to have become entangled in the branches, and was in vain endeavoring to escape. A closer examination revealed to my astonished [illegible] a [illegible] singular production. The shrub was covered with buds and flowers in greater or less degrees of maturity. The flowers were shaped something like a tulip—and when expanded, were not less than six inches in circumference, and of a bright [illegible] color, dotted with yellow, and with an odor like musk. On the outside of each leaf of the flower, but separate from it, was a flat, hard thorn—for I know not how to describe it better—making six to each flower. These thorns had the singular property of being able to contract upon the flower being touched in the centre, and to remain in that position so long as any motion continued. It appeared that the bird spoken of had just alighted, and was instantly clasped in the deadly embrace of this singular flower. I looked at it with a sensation little short of awe, as held in a firm grasp the bird struggled violently for at least fifteen minutes—when its efforts gradually relaxed, and upon examination I found it dead. I can only account for its having died so soon by the supposition of some poisonous quality in the plant, confirmed by finding the interior of the flower covered by a viscid substance, which had a most decided effect whenever it touched my skin. The bird seemed to have been attracted by minute insects which thronged the interior of other flowers on the same plant.

I found on the same shrub three other birds, in various stages of decomposition, and on the ground the bones of at least a dozen, being of various species, but all small. I am inclined to think that a bird something larger than the one whose destruction I witnessed, would have been able to break the bars of its prison, if not overpowered by some poisonous or narcotic influence.

From the appearance of the plant, it would seem to bloom during several months, as it had buds, flowers, and seed nearly matured. Many of the flowers were barren. Whether animal food had anything to do with the perfect development of the seed, I will not undertake to say.

Before leaving the neighborhood, I made some inquiry in regard to the plant, and was informed that it was well-known as the "Bird Catcher," though rather rare and so far as I could learn, only blooming at intervals. With this you will receive the whole shrub, carefully packed, and a flower pressed. If they arrive safely, you will be enabled to give your readers a better description than I can.

[We annex a description of the plant received, which came to hand in good order.—*Ed. Register.*]

"Herba perennis; cum succo lacteo; Folia integra, plerumque opposita (aliquando verticillata, sed raro dispersa) cordata; Caulis gracilis, ramosa diffusa, glauca; Flores solitaris in axillis. Corolla, odorata, (citrina cum maculis purpuris) campanulata, sex petala; calyx sexsepalus, cornutus.—Rarissima, florens a Julio ad Septembrem."

[A subscriber at Reading, Pa., who sends us the above curious and rather incredible account, says: "I wish to call the attention of your readers who live in the vicinity of the Chesapeake, to the fact, that the plant has not yet been introduced into any of our botanical gardens, and that a living specimen would be much prized, and no doubt command a high price. As this is about the period of the year when the plant flowers, it should now be more easily found than at any other period."—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

Clippings.

☞ Henry IV. having bestowed the *cordon bleu* on a gentleman at the solicitation of the Duke de Nevers, when the collar was put on, the gentleman made the customary speech: "Sire, I am not worthy." "I know it well," said the king; "but I give you the order to please my cousin De Nevers."

☞ Miraculous cure—the recovery of a bad debt.

☞ Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits; wherefore jesting is not unlawful if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.

☞ We are told an anecdote of a surgeon on board a ship of war, who used to prescribe salt water for his patients, in all disorders. Having sailed one evening on a party of pleasure, he happened, by some mischance, to be drowned. The captain, who had not heard of the disaster, asked one of the tars the next day, if he had heard anything of the doctor? "Yes," answered Jack, "he was drowned last night in his medicine-chest."

☞ Corns may be removed by simply walking away with them. To make the cure permanent, don't come back yourself.

☞ A country schoolmaster, happening to be reading of the curious skin of an elephant—"Did you ever see an elephant's skin," he asked. "I have!" shouted a little "six-year-old" at the foot of the class. "Where?" he asked, quite amused at the boy's earnestness. "On the elephant," said he, with a most provoking grin.

☞ "Ah!" said Seraphina Angelica, speaking on some subject in which her feelings were enlisted, "how gladly would I embrace an opportunity!" "Would I were an opportunity!" interrupted her bashful lover.

☞ 15,683 females exclaimed, on entering the Sydenham Crystal Palace: "Well, I never!"

☞ The people of New Haven prepared for the "dry time" in sober earnest; they first voted three to one to do without water; and then by a majority nearly as large, to do without liquor, too.

☞ It is not thought best to offer premiums for Ladies' Riding at the Ohio State Fair, but a general invitation is given for a volunteer display in side-saddles, on the third day. Lady riders from a distance, who may be willing to join this exercise, are invited to be prepared with riding dresses, &c., and through their gentlemen friends procure horses on the ground; and those horse-owners who are willing to have their stock thus exhibited are requested, if convenient, to bring side-saddles, to afford the ladies an opportunity, as a horse never shows better than under the control of a graceful equestrienne.

☞ If a man waits patiently while a woman is "putting her things on," or "shopping," he will make a good husband.

☞ An economical gentleman, speaking of postage stamps a few days since, thought there was great extravagance in the destruction of so many of these stamps. He suggested the use of paste a little less adhesive, and more care on the part of the Postmasters, some of whom with a carelessness unpardonable, deface these stamps. A little care, he thought, ought to enable one to use these stamps half a dozen times at least. We promised to have the suggestion laid before the department for their grave consideration.

☞ Mrs. Hemans has put two things together with a *line* of poetry, which, in prose, a *line* (with an anchor to it) is very necessary to keep separate, viz:

"A stern and rock-bound coast."

☞ There is an "institution" in Havana, called Panda, a sort of hospital, where husbands have the power to confine naughty wives. This power is frequently exercised, the husband, during the durance of his wife, paying the jail the subsistence fees. Mr. Pennyroyal says he should like to have such an "institution" hereabouts. Probably Mrs. P. wouldn't.

☞ It won't do to conclude that a man is always happy when he is smiling, or that he is a house-builder because you always find him with "a brick in his hat."

☞ The recommender of this cure for stammering, says he can speak with certainty of its utility: "Read aloud with the teeth closed. This should be practised for two hours a day for three or four months."

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.
PHILADELPHIA,
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1854.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE GOT UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - - - - $5,00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) $10,00 "
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) $15,00 "
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) $20,00 "

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Among the contributions to the Post during the year, will be ORIGINAL SKETCHES by GRACE GREENWOOD and by FANNY FERN—MIRIAM, THE AVENGER; OR THE FATAL VOW, by Mrs. Southworth—LETTERS FROM DEMERARA by Mrs. Denison—LETTERS FROM EUROPE by "C. G.," &c., &c.

Choice selections from foreign and domestic sources, Engravings, the *News*, Congressional Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore.

RUSSIA AND NICHOLAS.

A sketch on our fourth page from a recent work on Russia, written too by no Republican, but by a friend of Monarchy and Aristocracy, the Marquis de Custine, will show what horrible despotism is practiced by the Emperor Nicholas. The Marquis says, in speaking of the tendency of such a system of terrorism to destroy everything like candor and frankness in conversation or writings upon public affairs:

> Hitherto I had been accustomed to believe that man could no more dispense with truth for his mind than with sun and air for his body; but my Russian journey has undeceived me. Truth is only needful to elevated minds, or to advanced nations; the vulgar accommodate themselves to the falsehoods favorable to their passions and habits. Here, to lie is to protect society; to speak the truth is to overthrow the State.

A friend of ours who resided in Russia for several years, told us when he returned that politics and state affairs were *never* discussed in society—the theatre and other amusements, with the weather, private gossip, &c., forming the entire round of conversation. Every one knew that to let fall an expression disrespectful to the Czar, or his policy, might subject him either to the terrible knout, or to a life-long banishment to the frozen hell of Siberia.

While we are upon this subject, we may mention that the public is at last presented with what is doubtless a correct account of that young American who was so much favored by the Czar in his sight seeing. The story originally was told by Mr. Dallas, we believe, at a public meeting, with embellishments favorable both to the Emperor and the New Englander. Miss Bremer when in Boston heard of the circumstance, and owing probably to her slight acquaintance with the English language, managed to confound the Yankee lad with a Mr. Sumner, brother of Senator Sumner, who it seems felt very little flattered by the mistake. But in the recent autobiography of Mr. Vincent Nolte, we have an apparently authentic account. Nolte had gone to Odessa as an agent for Great, Brothers & Co., to secure a certain claim. In the course of his narrative, he refers to this young American—we commence our quotation at the commencement of the previous paragraph, for the illustration of Russian justice that it affords. He says:

> General Woronzow, commanding the army of the Caucasus, was now in his sixty fourth year. I called to thank him. He spoke English as well as if he had studied it at Oxford, and had married his first wife, Lady Pembroke, in England. On my introduction he had invited me to a soiree at his palace at the end of Boulevard de Paris; and now to another at his hermitage near Sevastopol. At this time the Grand Duchess Helena, daughter of Prince Paul of Wurtemburg lately deceased in Paris, and wife of the Grand Duke Michael, was in Odessa on her way to some baths in the Crimea. The princess wanted to get a wholesale idea of the commerce of Odessa, and ordered all the wheat-laden wagons to be drawn up side by side in the main street. Thus several thousand had collected, waiting for the arrival of the lady. All the water carts also, which supplied drinking water to the city, were ordered to occupy themselves in laying the dust. It was of no importance that the market was in want of wheat, and the citizens in want of water; they had to wait five days, and then the princess arrived. On the next day she went on board the fleet, and the wagons were then ordered to come in and unload, and the water carts to return to their usual business. When the owners asked for compensation for their six days' loss, they were sent to the devil, and told to hold their tongues, and this is Russian justice.
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> The vessel that carried the princess, brought back, on its return, a young American named Codman, in charge of the police. He was from Marblehead, Massachusetts, and had come out as supercargo. He had excited the attention of the police by his habit of asking questions and popping the answers down in a note-book, &c.; and they were ordered to bring him before the Emperor. He was a right inquisitive Yankee. The Czar asked the object of his visit, and his intentions, when his business was ended. He replied that he wanted to see Russia for himself that he might tell his countrymen the truth about it. The *naiveté* of the young man pleased the Czar, who the Marquis de Custine has shown, is very anxious to hide Russian tyranny and slavery from foreigners, and to cause a belief in advanced civilization. Here was an opportunity to get the Americans. "So," said the Czar, "you want to see and learn all about Russia? Well, you shall, and at my expense. I will give you letters, and see that you are everywhere well received. Where do you want to go first?" "To Moscow." "When?" "The day after to-morrow, at six o'clock." "Good! the day after to-morrow, at six o'clock, I will send for you; be ready."
>
> This narrative I got from Codman himself. The next morning appeared at the Yankee's door a very handsome drosky and horses, with an imperial coachman and two adjutants. Servants in imperial livery loaded another drosky with his baggage; the adjutants got into a third, and he was whirled off to Moscow and put into a second rate hotel. He had scarcely arrived when the Governor and all his staff appeared and offered to do the honors of the city. When he had seen all the lions he asked to go to the Crimea and visit the camp of the army of the Caucasus. He was sent there by the Governor, and so brought to Sevastopol by the flag-ship of the Russian Admiral. Here he wanted to go to head-quarters to "see the fun." The Admiral, named, I think, Etschernicheff, who had been a midshipman of Nelson at Trafalgar, and who saw nothing in his passenger but an uneducated curious individual, got rid of him at Sevastopol. But he had nothing to do there and asked to see the camps. He was told that the commandant, Goloffain, had refused entrance to strangers, &c., but he did not care. The Czar had promised him admission everywhere, and he would complain to him if the field-marshal refused. He grew more and more insolent every day, and was so overbearing that there came a sudden order from imperial head quarters to send him to Odessa, and thence over the frontiers, with some money for his expenses, and the wish for a pleasant journey to him. How he got to Trieste, I did not learn, but he told me his story there, and proved that favors do not always come to intelligent men, since this crazy-pate had met with such attention. He did not feel a bit grateful, nor did he make any attempt at procuring useful information. All that he talked about was his personal intercourse with Nicholas and the fact that his Majesty had been kinder to him than to any other traveller.

THE ERIE DISPUTE.

A decision—yes, an awful and extinguishing decision, as it will appear to our New York [illegible] Court [illegible] shall, on or before the [illegible] from this date, [illegible] of their road as [illegible] road, and remove the materials thereof, so as to leave the said street and road in as good condition as they were in before the construction of said railroad. They further adjudge that the Company shall within four months change the route and construction of their railroad accordingly, and make their Western terminus at what was the Eastern line of the said borough in 1842, [illegible] to re-construct their railroad to supply the parts hereby ordered to be broken up, according to plans and specifications to be by them made, and to be submitted and approved by the Supreme Court.

The fact is that the only authority for trespassing upon the streets of Erie, was the permission of the councils of that city—when they withdrew their permission, the railroad company should have proceeded to remove the road. They refused to stir a peg, however—and the councils then decided to remove the rails as a public nuisance, which the Supreme Court declares them to be.

Our readers know that the Post has never been the advocate of an illiberal line of policy towards the people of other states. But we believed, and still believe, that the railroad company endeavored to play Erie false. The Erie people gave their support to the project of connecting the Ohio and New York roads, with the understanding that the diverse gauges were to be allowed to meet in their city. There was no way of avoiding a break of gauge at some point—and Erie was to be the place, in payment for favoring the road before the legislature of Pennsylvania. But the New Yorkers no sooner obtained the connection, than they sought to give Erie the go by, and make the break of gauge in their own state—thinking probably that they could prevent any hostile action of the Pennsylvania Legislature, originating in this breach of faith, by the use of such prodigate means as have often prevailed at Washington. They had not foreseen probably that Erie could withdraw her permission to lay rails in her public thoroughfares, and thus put an immediate break upon their faithless plans.

Well,

"Ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done;"

and notwithstanding the scurrilous abuse, ignorant misrepresentations, and unscrupulous falsehoods of the press of New York city, and too many other places, Erie and Pennsylvania stand fully vindicated before the public sentiment of the Union. It would be perhaps too much to expect, however, that those who formerly censured Erie for not resorting to the courts of law, should not now censure those courts in even more abusive terms for their decision.

AMUSING.

In one of last week's Ledgers, we noticed the following:

The number of passengers carried on the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railroad, for the month of August, just closed, was:

	German-town.	Man'k and Nor's.	Total.
No. of passengers	57,220	34,361	91,561
Previously this year	227,287	200,898	428,184
Total	284,507	235,259	519,766
Same time last year	257,616	191,409	449,025
Increase over 1853	26,891	43,850	70,741
Increase over 1852	149,365	78,372	227,[illegible]

Every month the public are treated to a statement resembling the above—very proper, but still rather laughable. For what are the facts of the case—to whom are the company indebted for their great increase of travel and prosperity? To the Board of Directors? By no means. There is scarcely one movement in advance that ever has been taken by the managers of the road, which was not absolutely forced upon them by persons entirely disconnected with the company. And yet, after the Board of Managers have been fairly kicked and cuffed—morally speaking—into an increase of the number of their trains—followed of course by a corresponding increase of passengers—they invariably take all the credit to themselves for the increased prosperity of the company, publish a monthly glorification like the above in the newspapers—and then very likely, set themselves as obstinately as ever against any further progress.

In scarcely any other portion of rural Philadelphia has there been such a spirit of improvement manifested as around Germantown. This it is which has increased the travel upon the railroad—and yet the railroad management has always lingered behind the demands of the times, notwithstanding every step forward has been followed by a corresponding increase in the receipts of the company.

The old maxim says, "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some *have greatness thrust upon them*"—and in this last class may be enrolled the company in question. It seems, however, to be "cutting their meat a little too fat," for them to monthly vaunt a prosperity that has been absolutely forced into their pockets. A reasonable degree of modesty under the circumstances—especially so long as one of their principal depots, and many of their station houses, are little better than piggeries—would be advisable.

CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENTS.—A second instance has occurred recently in one of the Southwestern States, of the burning of a negro who had committed a heinous crime. It is sad to think that the members of any American community should so far forget what is due to their characters as Christians and Republicans, as to allow their natural indignation to degenerate into a fearful thirst for revenge, and their love of justice into a savage and inhuman desire to torment. The Constitution of the United States expressly forbids the infliction of "cruel and unusual punishments"—no matter what the character of the crime. And this tendency in certain portions of the Union to revert to the rack and the torture of the middle ages, should be earnestly reproved by every lover of his country, every friend of civilization and religion. Once allow this practice to obtain a foothold, and ingenuity will be taxed to invent new and more terrible means of torture—until the merciless instruments of the Spanish Inquisition shall become the common furniture of an American prison. To show the tendency of this thing, we may quote an extract from an editorial of Mr. Brownlow's, the editor of the Knoxville (Tenn.) Whig. This Mr. Brownlow, we believe, claims to be a Minister of the Gospel, and yet hear his horrible language, more worthy of a bigoted Inquisitor, or of an ignorant and revengeful savage, than of an American citizen, and a professed follower of the Saviour of men. He says:—

> "We unhesitatingly affirm that the punishment was unequal to the crime. *Had we been there we should have taken a part, and even suggested the pinching of pieces out of him with red hot pincers—the cutting off a limb at a time, and the burning them all in a heap.*"

Yes,—men may begin with simply burning the perpetrators of heinous crimes; but they will inevitably end with "pinching pieces out of them with red-hot pincers," with "cutting off a limb at a time, and burning them in a heap," and with various other fiend-like modes of torture, such as may be seen narrated with sickening minuteness in several old books, where the examinations and executions of prisoners of state, and of other offenders, are recorded. If these things continue, and are justified by the communities which they disgrace, it will be a proof that such communities, whatever claims they may set forth to progress and a high civilization, are in reality relapsing into barbarism.

"THE LITTLE MAGICIAN."—This was the title which opposing politicians gave to Martin Van Buren, when he figured more largely than he does at the present day in the political world; and this is the title which all the little folks give to Signor Blitz, who, on Monday, commenced a series of his unique and pleasing entertainments at the Columbia Hall, in Chesnut street. Blitz is, and always has been, the pet of the juveniles. He is an adept in the "Black Art," and his good humor is inexhaustible. Without the swagger of some of the foreign mountebanks who have visited this country, he yet has seldom been surpassed in the neatness and dexterity with which he performs his feats of legerdemain.

☞ It appears from a statement in the New York Journal of Commerce, that, from Jan. 1st to Sept. 1st, 1854, there arrived at that port 51,548 Irish and 116,400 German immigrants—showing that Irish immigration is falling off, and that German immigration is largely increasing.

A PROGRESSIVE AGE.—The Knoxville (Tenn.) papers contain a notice of the marriage of a lady on the 11th of July—the death of her husband on the 24th—and the marriage of the widow on the 12th of August. Rapid work this—and disgusting as rapid.

THE POLICE IN UNIFORM.

Mayor Conrad, before swearing in his police, informed them that any man who had scruples of conscience or pride against wearing a uniform, had better not accept the situation. A proper uniform would be adopted, such as he himself would not be ashamed to put on, and every man would be expected to purchase it and wear it. The Mayor deserves credit for his course in this matter. A uniformed police of 1,000 men is equal at least to one of 1,500 in citizen's dress. The people will not only more readily obey a man whose very dress bespeaks "one in authority"—submitting to the office thus made visible to the eye, more than to the man—but the officers themselves will learn to put on a certain propriety and dignity with their uniforms, and feel that "whoever shakes them, shakes" the consolidated city, if not the "Commonwealth." Yes, laugh as you may at the fact, great is the power of clothes—especially when a little gold-lace is added. Even the worthy members of the religious society of Friends—those most strenuous of all opponents to what is merely "outward"—admit by their adherence to a certain cut of the coat, and make of the hat, the power which is exerted by a uniform. Why what would a citizen or even a regular soldiery be, without "all the pomp and pride and circumstance" of military "fuss and feathers?" How would it appear on the field of battle, to say nothing of parade day? What amount of soldierly pride and spirit could maintain themselves amid such unpropitious influences? These questions answer themselves—you might almost as well deprive a soldier of his musket as of his uniform. As the poet says:

"With a white cockade and peacock's feather,
Columbia's sons will fight forever."

This evidently was a very democratic poet, but even he saw the impossibility of Columbia's sons fighting forever, without at least a cockade and feather. And can this be true of the military, and not of the police?

GRISI AND MARIO.

The success of these great artists at New York, has been even above what was anticipated. It seems to be the general verdict that Grisi is not equal as a mere singer to Jenny Lind, but that as an operatic actress she has never had her equal in America. Mario seems to be a very handsome and very gentlemanly personage—a real "lady-killer"—but entirely too well-bred to fling himself at soul-length into tragedy. The N. Y. Times says that intellectuality is the distinguishing characteristic of the execution of both, they *never sacrificing sense to sound*. We hope that their influence in this respect will be great and pervading. The sacrifice of sense to sound is what disgusts every intellectual mind with our fashionable singers. Grisi affords but another proof that high genius, no matter in what department it manifests itself, is always simple and sincere.

The prices at the first concert were five dollars, at the following concerts three dollars—the tickets being sold at auction, to obtain a premium on the regular prices. These premiums have been generally small—but the whole system is a pernicious one, and inconsistent with the dignity of true art. As to the regular price, three dollars, it proves that the love of money is as strong in the breasts of distinguished artists, as in those of great merchants and Yankee pedlars. Judged by the law of "supply and demand," we do not know that the price is too high—if the people are willing to pay it. Taking into consideration that there are "two of them," and that operas are much more expensive affairs than mere concerts, the price is decidedly more reasonable than that paid to Jenny Lind.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—Perhaps there is nothing more honorable to the American people, than the large number of Public Schools sustained in many of the States. New York city deserves high commendation for her institutions of this character. At the present time she has a total of 216 public schools, with 1,094 teachers, and 140,000 pupils. Besides these, there are 36 schools not under the control of her Board of Education, containing 7,880 pupils. Of these, seventeen are Catholic, with 5,687 pupils; seven Jewish, with 857 pupils, three Presbyterian, with 250 pupils; two Episcopalian, with 205 pupils; one Dutch Reformed, with 160 pupils, and six industrial, with 721 pupils. There are also 24 public evening schools.

Of the class of schools mentioned above as not being under the control of the Board of Education, the Catholic are the only ones which participate in the apportionment of the public school fund. Of the reason of this apparent favoritism we are not aware—but whatever it be, we are opposed to any donation of public money to sectarian schools, whether they be Catholic, Jewish, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, or anything else. It is estimated that only a small proportion of the Catholic children attend their sectarian schools—but we wish the proportion were still smaller. And in order that such may be the case, we would act with the most perfect fairness towards Catholics as towards all other sects, in the management of the public schools. The mind of every child—yes, of every man and woman—has a natural fondness for the light. And while we want no "converting" going on in our public schools, we want plenty of that intellectual and moral light diffused, which, streaming from history, and from literature and science generally, makes all narrow and slavish sectarianism, among Catholics or among Protestants, impossible.

But to return to our subject, the public schools of *New York*, let those cities and States which have not yet done their duty to their young people in this respect, be stimulated by the example to "go and do likewise." The education of the people is important everywhere, but it is imperatively necessary in a Republic.

THE NOMINATIONS.—What is the world coming to? Are the Millerites right in their new prediction, and are the politicians naturally getting tinder-dry and soulless first, in suitable order for burning? Surely it must be so—or else the Whigs, Democrats, Know Nothings, and Temperance Men in Philadelphia could not have united to array before the people such a miserable collection of candidates—upon the best of whom can generally be written, *incapable*. Our advice to all parties, therefore, is, *Don't* "vote the regular ticket!" Why even Mr. Job R. Tyson, one of the best of the lot, after having been hot for city reform, presided at a Flanigan meeting, everybody else having been invited and refused to serve. As to his talents, he is a very industrious gentleman, in two senses, reminding us always of Mr. Carlyle's famous character, *Dryasdust*. We tried once to sit out one of his addresses, but though he is a Job, we are not, and therefore retired while sufficient animation was left us. And as to the other "regulars," why the most of them are decidedly "irregulars"—and those that are not, as we have said, are only fit to hold office on the ground that "one man's as good as another." As we believe, however, with the Irishman, that one man is not only as good as another, but better too—and that therefore nature's aristocracy of intellect and virtue should be chosen to all important offices, we advise our readers of every party to rebel against all unsuitable candidates, "regular," "irregular," or both "regular" and "irregular." It is the only way to bring the petty politicians to their senses—men that will discard a Chandler, refuse a Meredith, come next door to nominating a Gossler, and nominate a Tyson!

SINGULAR FACTS.—It has sometimes been asserted that the deaths from cholera were really of persons already greatly weakened either by disease, over-exertion, or an improper mode of life. But while we supposed there was considerable truth in this view, we had no idea that the figures would bear it out to so great a degree as the following statistics indicate. Dr. Granville, in the Medical Times, says:

> It appears that the total number of deaths in the cholera year, (1849,) for all England and Wales, was 440,839; but in 1850, the number of deaths fell to 368,995, being not only 71,844 less than in the cholera year, but even less than the number of deaths of the year preceding that of the cholera, by so many as 30,833. * * * If we take the deaths of the two years together which preceded the cholera, and strike the mean, and treat the year of the cholera, and the compensating year that follows, in the same manner, we shall find that the four years present nearly the same average. * * * So that in reality, it is found, when the aggregate of the four years is taken, either for the whole of England or for the metropolis only, that no greater number of people died in those years because of the cholera intervening, than if the cholera had not visited us.

COAL.—The North American says that "dealers who have visited the Pottsville region to make purchases, state that the operators do not by any means produce to the full extent of their capacity, but regulate their mining in such a manner as to keep up the prices."

"We would, in view of the above fact, advise all consumers to purchase coal as sparingly as possible, until a different line of conduct is adopted by the operators. And we would hint to the operators themselves, that if the support of their fellow citizens is ever needed hereafter, when questions relative to the tariff are being considered in Congress, such support cannot very confidently be counted upon, unless a more liberal policy is pursued by those interested in mining.

THE LOST HEIRESS.

Our [illegible] of readers will be pleased to hear that Mrs. Southworth's novel of "The Lost Heiress," is to be published in a few days by T. B. Peterson, of this city. [illegible] in cloth gilt, for one dollar and twenty-five cents. Both editions will contain a portrait of Mrs. Southworth, engraved on steel, with a fac-simile of her autograph. They will be sent by the publisher to distant purchasers, through the mail, *free of postage*.

We need but repeat here our often-expressed opinion of The Lost Heiress as one of, if not the best, on the whole, of Mrs. Southworth's productions. Its moral is an excellent one—calculated to do good, we think, to all its readers. The story, of course is intensely interesting—and while many of those who read it as it appeared in the Post, doubtless will embrace this opportunity to obtain it in a permanent form, those that have not read it may be assured that it abounds in all the excellencies of its author's vivid and picturesque genius.

DOUGLAS AT CHICAGO.—It seems that Douglas was allowed to speak about an hour at Chicago, when the discussion between himself and his hearers got so warm and tumultuous, that the latter all spoke at once, and prevented their Senator from making himself audible. For our part, we are decidedly opposed to anything that even looks like a denial of the freedom of speech. We think there are certain individual rights that even majorities of ninety-nine in the hundred have no right to encroach upon. But as Mr. Douglas believes in Popular Sovereignty,—going probably to the full swing of a certain Pennsylvania statesman, who gave it as his opinion many years ago, that a Convention to amend the Constitution of a State had the right to deprive the minority of any right, however sacred, not guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States—we do not see how he can very emphatically protest against being clamored down in Chicago, if, as there seems to be no doubt, a large majority of the people were decidedly opposed to his being heard. It must be remembered that this doctrine of Popular Sovereignty, like a double-edged sword, cuts both ways. In fact, this is one reason we do not like it—it does tolerably well while you are among the "bosses," but not so well when you are among the *bossed*. The Majority can take care of themselves; Constitutions and Bills of Rights are for Minorities, as bulwarks to protect the weak against the strong; to say to the overbearing spirit of "Popular Sovereignty," "so far shalt thou come, but no farther—here shall thy proud waves be stayed!"

A STRANGE STORY.—The following rather singular story—as it appears to Eastern people—was told some time ago in the N. Y. Tribune:—

> The low price at which corn has been sold of late years by the great western producers will account for its extensive use in distilling, and will astonish all uninformed readers. Ten cents a bushel has been considered a paying rate by those large farmers whose prairie fields often are measured by miles, and even a much lower price has been received for the grain. The contracts of Jacob Strawn, of Illinois, (his farm contains 7,000 acres) the greatest corn-grower in the United States, in bushels, though perhaps exceeded in acres by Mr. Johnson, on the Roanoke River in North Carolina, were made this year at seven cents a bushel for the labor of growing the crop, deliverable on the stalks in the field as it grew; the quantity being estimated after examination, or by proving a part of the field by measure. A few years ago, Henry L. Ellsworth, of La Fayette, Indiana, had 3,000 acres in one field, contracted in the same manner at five cents a bushel. The average yield was sixty bushels. These facts afford an illustration both of the abundance and cheapness of this grain in fruitful seasons, where it grows to the greatest perfection. Indeed, it has been so plenty and so cheap that it would not bear transportation, and as we have before stated, it was thrown in the most wasteful manner to swine, who were compelled to carry their own fat to market, because its price was so low it would not pay for hauling, and when the corn was converted into beef, it was still worse.

We remember to have heard such stories years ago, when corn was very low, but had no idea that corn was such a drug even at present Eastern prices. Five, seven and ten cents a bushel! Will not some of our Western readers inform us how it can be made to pay at such insignificant rates of compensation? We should think they would not pay for the seed, planting, and necessary cultivation. Give us light.

RAIN STORM.—The country—East, West, North, and South—has been favored with a welcome fall of rain, and Old Mother Earth at last rejoices in a tolerable drenching. The storm commenced at Albany about 1 o'clock, P. M., on Saturday, and in New York at 12 o'clock. In both cities the rain fell in torrents for several hours, and the wind blew furiously.

In Philadelphia, the storm—(a real north-easter)—set in between 11 and 12 on Saturday night, and on Sunday morning the rain descended in a perfect deluge, and the wind blew furiously, uprooting trees, shattering awnings, breaking glass, and strewing the streets with broken panes, wandering branches, and other disastrous wrecks. The thermometer fell from 92 on Saturday to 60 on Sunday, making a difference of 32 degrees.

In Baltimore the rain commenced falling about 12 o'clock on Saturday night, and continued until 7 o'clock on Sunday morning, the weather continuing cool and cloudy all day.

In Washington, it commenced raining heavily about 12 o'clock on Saturday night, and continued until 7 o'clock the following morning, when the temperature was cool, and there were signs of more rain.

We also hear of rains from Maine in the North-East to the States of the South-West, and trust therefore that the drought for this year is over.

INFORMATION WANTED AND GIVEN.—A distant subscriber wishes us to inform him what chance there would be for him to obtain, in Philadelphia, a situation as clerk on board a sailing vessel or steamboat. We cannot positively say, but we should think he would be about as likely to obtain such a berth, at the present time, as to obtain an office under the city, state, or general government. In fact, there are a good many people east of the mountains, and all have an unconquerable love for bread and butter. "Westward the course of *travel* takes its way"—and not Eastward. If situations are getting so choked-up at the West, as the above inquiry would seem to indicate, Heaven help the thousands of immigrants weekly arriving at our Atlantic ports.

ARREST OF CAPTAIN HOLLINS.—Contrary to our supposition, it appears that Captain Hollins can be held legally responsible for the destruction of property at Greytown. In the case of Harmony & Co., a recovery was had against Col. Mitchell, of Doniphan's regiment, of the army, for the seizure of their goods in New Mexico? In this case there was a declared war, and Gen. Taylor gave the order; in the present case there was no war declared by the Constitutional authorities. The judgment against Col. Mitchell was for $108,000, and was affirmed by the Supreme Court at Washington. Of course, the Government in all such cases makes the losses of its officers good.

The Washington Union contains a list of the names and birth places of the officers in the Departments at Washington, to show that there are, comparatively, but few of foreign birth in the offices. The number of clerks in the State, Treasury, and Interior offices, is 4,106—of these there are 3,346 Americans; 420 foreigners; and 330 whose birth places are not known.

That is very curious, that 330 of the clerks at Washington should not be able to tell where they were born. If it be the truth, they must be a hard party.

COMPLIMENTARY.—The Springfield (Missouri) *Advertiser* says:

> Among our exchanges, of a literary character, there is none we esteem higher than the Saturday Evening Post. It is now publishing a splendidly written tale by Mrs. Southworth, entitled "Miriam, the Avenger."

☞ Prince Paskiewitch was certainly not a pass-key which would open the way to Constantinople.

☞ The Princess Murat—(who recently purchased a residence in the vicinity of Tallahassee, Florida, which she is improving and ornamenting to her own taste)—is the widow of Achille Murat, son of the *Beau Sabreur*, King Joachim of Naples. She is a Virginia lady, daughter of Hon. Bird Willis.

☞ The principal study pursued in a school of whales, is supposed to be elocution—as they are often caught spouting.

☞ The editor of the Tuscaloosa Herald says: "The Tribune of this city is the best paper published in Florida." The editor of the Tribune determined not to be outdone, says: "The Herald is a better paper than the Tribune." Verily, "the good time coming" is near at hand. The lion and the lamb will soon lie down together.

☞ A little friend of ours, whose father was instructing him in the way he should "come up," said to his patriarch, "Pa, where are you going when you die?" His father replied, "I hope I shall not go to—the *other* place—and I hope I *shall* go to Heaven." The youngster rubbed his head a moment, and looking up, exclaimed, "Well, pa, I want to go where you do, *anyway*."

New Publications.

CAPTAIN CANOT; OR, TWENTY YEARS OF AN AFRICAN SLAVER; Being an Account of his Career and Adventures on the Coast, in the Interior, on Shipboard, and in the West Indies. Written out and Edited from the Captain's Journals, Memoranda and Conversations, by BRANTZ MAYER. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and for sale by C. G. Henderson & Co., Phila.

Here is a book of absorbing interest—one that will be eagerly perused by the multitude, and especially by those who are not familiar with the ways and means by which the slave traffic in human life is pursued on the coast of Africa. Capt. Canot, the hero of this narrative, is a native of Leghorn—an Italian by birth, a Frenchman by descent, an American by education, and a Spaniard by semi-naturalization and trade. His real name is Conneau, and he is the brother of the Dr. Conneau who has so long been the attendant and friend of the present Emperor of France. His father—a captain and paymaster in the First Napoleon's army—lost his life at Waterloo. In 1819, the boy was apprenticed, by an uncle, to an American captain at Leghorn, and soon after sailed, in the Galatea, for Calcutta, in which city, the captain, as was the custom at that time, took an elegant house, where our hero (then a cabin boy) and the clerk followed him, and where all three, for three months, lived like nabobs, at the expiration of which time the vessel sailed for Boston. On the voyage home, Canot was *promoted* from the cabin, and sent to the steerage as a "light hand," in the chief mate's watch, which functionary, an ill natured rascal, attempted to drown him, by ordering him out on the jib boom, to loosen sail, and then, without waiting until the little fellow was clear of the jib, suddenly commanding the men who were at the halyards to hoist the canvas aloft. In a moment he was jerked into the air, and, after performing half-a-dozen involuntary summersaults, he fell into the ocean. He was soon rescued, however, and the mate was deprived by the captain of his command. The "culinary artist" of the vessel was a large woolly-headed negro, who had at once taken a great liking to "little Theodore." This son of Africa no sooner saw his favorite in the water than he dove in after him, and came very near being himself drowned. This was the first negro Canot had ever seen, and he probably then little dreamed that he was soon destined to become an extensive dealer in such "chattels personal." The vessel finally touched the wharf, at Boston, on "a fine night in July, 1820." The captain's residence was in Salem, and he was soon off; the mate had a young wife in Boston, and he too, was soon off; and the second mate and the crew were also soon missing, leaving our little man to guard a cargo worth about $120,000! Feeling the importance of his position, he paced the deck all night. Early in the morning, while taking a look at the city from the main-royal yard, he heard a heavy footfall on the deck, and, looking down, saw a stout, common-looking, elderly person. Not liking the appearance of the individual, he at once descended from his high position, and peremptorily ordered the inquisitive old codger to leave the ship. The more he ordered him, the more he would not budge. The upshot of the matter was that our little *Franco-Italian*, after kicking, biting, and scratching his adversary, became so enraged at the Yankee's cool impudence, that he bounded into the cabin, seized a loaded musket from the rack, and rushed upon the deck; but, as the muzzle appeared above the hatchway, his tormentor sprang over the ship, and, by the time the pursuer reached the ladder, the intruder was on the wharf, surrounded by a laughing multitude. This inquiring Yankee proved to be WILLIAM GRAY—(then known, almost the world over, as "Billy Gray")—who was not only the owner of the Galatea and her cargo, but also the proprietor of many a richer craft then floating on every sea? "Billy," however, was so much pleased with the spirit of our hero, that he presented him with fifty dollars for protecting his property, and, on the day of his discharge, not only paid the wages of his voyage, but added fifty dollars more to aid his schooling in scientific navigation. Four years after, Mr. Gray told Canot that the sting of his teeth still tingled in his hand, while the kicks he had bestowed on his ancles occasionally displayed the scars they had left. Capt. Town, of the Galatea, retired to Salem, after the hands were discharged, taking Theodore with him, from which port, for five years, he sailed, with Capt. T., on voyages to various parts of the world, always employing his leisure, while on shore and at sea, to familiarize himself minutely with the practical and scientific details of the profession to which he designed devoting his life. When his apprenticeship was over, he made two or three successful voyages as mate; and then, in consequence of a *disappointment*, he forsook his employers, and yielded to the temptations of reckless adventure. This sad and early blight overtook him at Antwerp, where a Belgian beauty made a complete fool of him for at least three months. Not long after this, he sailed for Havana in a Dutch galliot, commanded by a Dutchman *and his wife*. The regular master superintended the navigation, while the *Bloomer* controlled the whole crew, including the captain. The galliot, on the voyage, was run foul of, in the night, by another craft, and so disabled that she was obliged to put into the port of Ferrol, in Spain, for repairs, where he was detained four months. Here young Theodore was claimed by a widow and her daughter as their son and brother, and was by them almost smothered and crushed with tears, kisses and embraces. So fully persuaded were they that they had found a six-years' lost son and brother, that he was unable to convince them of their mistake. He finally sailed, in the old galliot, for Havana. Owing to the stupidity of the Dutch captain, the galliot ran on a Cuban reef, and there she stuck fast until she was visited by a band of pirates, in the night, who murdered every one of the crew except our hero, who escaped by diving into the sea and swimming for about half an hour, when he succeeded in reaching the isle which was the home of the pirates, and immediately sought concealment in a thick growth of mangroves, where he had not been five minutes when he was so beset by musquitoes that he was obliged to run to the beach and plunge into the water. In this way he was tormented the whole night. At dawn he retreated once more to the bushes, and from a tree beheld, across the calm sea, the dismantled hull of his late home, surrounded by a crowd of boats, which were rapidly filling with plundered merchandise. Daylight, with its heat, was as intolerable as night with its venom. The tropical sun, and the glaring reflection from a waveless sea, poured through the calm atmosphere upon his naked flesh like boiling oil, and his thirst was intense. The hull of the galliot, after being *lightened*, was by several boats towed behind the island, and the last hope of ever seeing his old companions was gone! When night came, young Canot was about determining to bury his naked body in the sand, and cover his head with the only garment he possessed, in order to escape the incessant torment of insects, when he heard and saw a savage dog rushing rapidly from side to side, with his nose to the ground. He could not mistake the nature of the hunt, and instantly sprang up a tree, when the foiled and ferocious beast, yelling with rage, gave an alarm which was quickly responded to by other dogs, three of which, followed by two armed men, promptly made their appearance beneath the sapling. He was ordered down, and marched to the habitation of the pirates, where he soon sat down, with his new companions, to a piquant stew. In the evening, a *filibustero* conclave was held, to decide the fate of the young captive, when, at length, after an unusual clamor, one of the leaders rushed from the rancho, with a horseman's pistol, and calling Theodore by name, whirled the lad behind him in his irresistible grasp. Then, facing both bands—(for there were two bands of the bandits)—with a terrible imprecation, he swore vengeance if they persisted in requiring the death of HIS NEPHEW! At the mention of the word "nephew" every one passed with a look of surprise, and at once agreed to respect Rafael's new-found relative. Each one of these outlaws now vied with his companions in finding articles to cover the boy's nakedness, and at table he was given almost a seat of honor. He was then exalted to the post of "cook's mate," and was henceforth well treated by the bandits. Don Rafael afterwards privately told Theodore that he was not his uncle, but explained that he recognized in him the lineaments of an old companion in arms, which companion *was* the uncle of Theodore. From scullion, our hero was raised to the head of the bandits' "naval bureau," as boatbuilder-in-chief. After some adventures on and off the island, Theodore's uncle consigned him to a grocer friend at Regla, on the opposite side of Havana, at which place he remained awhile, and then sailed for the coast of Africa, in a *slaver*, where he soon commenced his career as a slave-dealer, with the details of which a large portion of the book is devoted. The literary merit of the work is due to Brantz Mayer, Esq., of Baltimore, who was introduced to its hero some months ago, at Cape Palmas, in Africa, by Dr. James Hall, the founder and first Governor of our colony at the Cape. Mr Mayer says of his work and our hero, "Besides the sketches of character, which familiarize us with the aboriginal negro in Africa, there is a good moral in the resultless life, which, after all its toils, hazards, and successes leaves the adventurer a stranded wreck in the prime of manhood. One half the natural capacity employed industriously in lawful commerce would have made the captain comfortable and independent."

THE PRINCIPLES OF ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY; A Popular Treatise on the Functions and Phenomena of Life; to which is Prefixed a General View of the Great Departments of [illegible]. Published by Blanchard & Lea, Philadelphia.

[illegible] the general title of "Orr's Circle of the Sciences." The name of the author is a guarantee [illegible] the work may be [illegible] in form and popular in style [illegible] in accordance with the latest [illegible] investigations.

FREAKS OF FORTUNE; Or, The History and Adventures of Ned Lorn. By J. B. JONES. Published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

This is a well told story, the plot being good, the events probable, and the characters—(which include churchmen, politicians, [illegible] lawyers, physicians, publishers, critics, authors, and loafers)—are sketched with considerable power and distinctness. Many readers however will not agree with the "Publisher's Critical Reader," when he says that the "work is equal to any of the productions of Thackeray or Dickens, so promptly re-published and so extensively patronized in this country."

THE DIVINE ORIGIN AND AUTHORITY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION, in a Connected Series of Familiar Discourses, giving a Concise View of the Historical Argument for the Truth of the Bible. By WM. NEILL, D. D. Published by Wm. S. Young, Philadelphia.

Here is another work—able, though small—on the Evidences of Christianity—a subject that can never be exhausted—at least, as long as there are skeptics and doubting Christians. This work is intended more especially for the young.

RELIGIOUS MAXIMS having a connection with the Doctrines and Practice of Holiness. By THOMAS C. UPHAM, D. D. Second Edition, with Additions. THE TWINS; Or, Conversations on the Importance of the Ruling Elder; Its Scriptural Authority, Qualifications and Duties. By THE AUTHOR OF "WHY I AM PRESBYTERIAN." Published by William S Martien, Philadelphia.

These two compact and well written little volumes will undoubtedly be highly prized by those for whom they are more particularly intended.

TYPES OF MANKIND. The Presbyterian Quarterly Review, for September, (just published by W. P. Hazard, of this city) contains an elaborate article on Gliddon and Nott's "Types of Mankind." The reviewer is not favorably impressed with the "Types," as may be inferred by the following extract from his review: "As a literary production, it has scurrility without wit; pedantry without learning; theory without argument; conclusions without premises; and heartless, revolting skepticism, with scarcely a redeeming quality." We perceive that the critic of Harper's Magazine, in the September number, is of opinion that the moral consequences of a general belief in the *diversity* of the human race, would be even more disastrous than of the belief in a plurality of gods.

HUGH MILLER OF CROMARTY. The North British Review, for August—re-printed by Scott & Co., and for sale by Getz & Buck—contains an able and encomiastic review of "My Schools and Schoolmasters; or, The Story of My Education"—a work from the pen of Hugh Miller, who, only fourteen years ago, was a stone-mason—(and a laborious one)—in Cromarty. The "stone mason" of Scotland is almost as great a literary wonder as the "learned blacksmith," of America.

Clippings.

☞ MAR-I-O and GREE-SEE—the accent in each case on the first syllable. The age of Grisi is thirty-eight, that of Mario forty.

☞ A correspondent of the Wooster (Ohio) Democrat, sent that paper a long "pome," commencing:

"Wooster is a pretty town,
And in it lives Miss J. Z.,
Whose beauty's turned my heart to love,
And made me *almost crazy*."

☞ The Democrats in the State of Maine are divided into three general divisions of the "Wild Cats," "Woolly Heads" and "Liberals." The wings have as aliases the terms—"Simon Pure," "Regulars," and "Morrill Democrats." Inside these party lines, new divisions have arisen under the novel rallying cries of the "Haddocks" and the "Hook and Ladder Democracy."

☞ When the great *contralto*—(who was *great* in every sense of the term)—first came to this country, a wag remarked that Alfati (all fatty) would be a better name for her than Alboni (all bony.) Since the arrival of Grisi, another wag poetically says:

What strange contradictions
Are oftentimes seen—
Alboni (all-bony) is *fat*,
And *Grisi* (greasy) is *lean*!

☞ AN ANSWER REQUESTED.—The question has been asked why it is considered impolite for gentlemen to go into the presence of ladies in their shirt-sleeves, whilst it is considered in every way correct for the ladies themselves to appear before gentlemen without any sleeves at all?

☞ A REBUFF.—"Shall I help you to alight?" said a young gentleman, addressing a bouncing country girl, who was preparing to jump from a carriage. "Thank you, sir," she said sweetly, "but I don't smoke."

☞ The Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, of Georgetown, a few days ago received a letter through a third person enclosing seventy-five dollars, which the delinquent stated had been due to that institution for more than twenty years. There are doubtless thousands of cases in which the conscience might be quieted by following the foregoing example. We have noticed, however, that these cases of conscience are generally rather small ones. Great rogues—your thousands of dollars' folks—seldom seem to be thus troubled.

☞ A hen will lay the first year about 150 eggs; the second 120; the third 100—diminishing every year as she grows older; and, says the Maine Farmer, she should "go to pot" after the fourth.

☞ N. P. Willis, in allusion to pulmonary complaints, and in reference to his own experience, remarks: "The overtasking of the powers of attention, I find—fatigue of the sense of beauty, or a surfeit of agreeable people—acts immediately on the bodily health. It starts a hemorrhage. It aggravates a cough."

☞ There are two sides to everything except the religion of a hypocrite, and that is all outside.

☞ Here is a very tender stanza perpetrated by some soft hearted lover:

My dearest Arabeller,
You've been in my heart a dweller,
And if I catch you talking to another feller,
I'll pick up a candlestick or umbreller,
And hit him on the smeller,
And make him beller.

☞ Mr. George Combe, of Edinburgh, has written a letter to the London Leader, in which he shows that Rev. Sydney Smith was rather unjust to the people of Pennsylvania, in his facetious attack upon America, caused by the delay in the payment of interest. He allows the canon's satire was richly merited by a number of Western and Southern States, that really repudiated. He says: "I have not lost a penny by my Pennsylvania bonds," and deprecates any more of the drab-colored fun which the English writers, Brown, Jones, Robinson, and so forth, in imitation of Smith, love to poke at this State.

☞ YELLOW FEVER.—A physician of New Orleans advertises a new preventive of this dreadful epidemic, by inoculation, similar in principle to the prevention of small-pox by vaccination.

General News.

NEW WAY OF MANAGING A RAILROAD.—The London and North Western Railroad Company, one of the wealthiest in England, has introduced a very remarkable principle into the working of its business. It gives every man employed on its roads an interest in its prosperity. In its contracts each worker is dependent, to a great extent, on the care and labor he contributes to the general stock. The Directors of the company have entered into formal contracts with their engineers for running the locomotives. They pay them so much per mile, sell them the fuel, oil and other necessaries at first cost, and allow them as profits what they can save from a regular allowance by economy and skill. The engineer pays a fine for every moment lost by his delay, and is therefore interested in being regular and punctual. In this way the company saves a large sum of money every year, and it is found that there are less dangerous accidents on its roads than any others in the country.

THE TWO SNAG BOATS owned by the U. S. Government, and sold at St. Louis by auction, pursuant to an order from Washington, brought, at the sale, the one $3,900, and the other $4,100, or in the aggregate $8,000. This sale includes everything attached to the boats. For four snag boats the United States paid last year $144,121 35, and these are the vessels of which two have now been sold for $8,000. It follows, therefore, that the two must have cost over $72,000, and that the government has lost by this sale $64 000.

At the Hamilton Railroad Depot, in Cincinnati, last week, the United States Express was robbed of between thirty and forty thousand dollars.

NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. Douglas's second attempt to have a hearing at Chicago was abandoned, in consequence of [illegible] the Chicago Tribune [illegible] in Ohio [illegible] Railroad Company have ordered [illegible] to be propelled by hot air [illegible] approved by the Secretary of the Treasury [illegible] the coinage of [illegible].

An old man [illegible] years of age, living in New Brunswick, near Grand Lake, now reads newspapers printed on the finest type. He has a grand-daughter who is four feet eight inches high, and weighs 200 pounds, and [illegible] daughter eighteen years old, who is but three feet and three-fourths of an inch high.

New Hampshire is the most free from colored population of any State in the Union; there are towns in the State in which a black face was never seen.

A sale of a free white woman was recently made at Freemansburgh, Lehigh county, Pa. The parties have been residents of that place for some time, are natives of Germany, and the transaction consisted in a man disposing of his wife to another man for the sum of one dollar. Writings are said to have been signed by the trio—the wife, the new husband and the old husband. All sold according to law.

A mulatto slave who worked in the office of the Louisville Journal, made his escape to Canada a few days ago, and sent his master a letter therefrom, informing her of his safe arrival.

The following, cut from the Lavaca (Texas) Register, of August 10th will show what the intensity of the heat must be, which ice will not reduce: "We have never experienced warmer weather during our editorial existence than we had the past week. The thermometer is standing at nearly 100 degrees, while writing this article, being more than half submerged in ice water, that is, the thermometer not ourselves." We imagine "ourselves" must have been "more than *half* submerged in ice water" and "*trimmins*," on the occasion above quoted.

The well at Belcher's refinery, St. Louis, has been bored to the depth of 2,200 feet. At 700 feet they struck salt water; at 1,500 a sulphur spring, which has poured forth the best sulphur water ever since. They are boring on to get the pure element.

A third and still larger party of emigrants from New England for Kansas Territory, will be ready to leave Massachusetts on the 25th of September. In several of the border counties of Missouri, "Defensive Associations" have been formed by those in favor of establishing slavery in Kansas, and in one or two cases Committees have been appointed to prevent, if possible, the abolition "emigration" from New England.

The chairs, tables, and fixtures of the Common Council Chamber of Cincinnati, have been levied on by the Sheriff, to pay a judgment of $1,559, obtained by a citizen for injuries received by him on account of the bad condition of the streets.

The forest fires along the valley of the St. Lawrence river, in Canada, have been so much more extensive than usual this season, that the density of the smoke has at times seriously impeded navigation. In consequence of this, the steamer Bay State grounded on the 26th ult., on the Ogdensburg bar, and lay there for about twenty-four hours, until three other steamers arrived, and by their united efforts succeeded in dragging her off.

The iron puddlers of Pittsburg have been on a strike for higher wages since the 17th of June last, and the employers seeing no prospect of their coming to terms, sent east and engaged hands to work for five dollars per ton. On Sunday last, fifteen of these arrived at Pittsburg, and were taken to Hailman & Co.'s mill, where the strike party soon gathered and threatened a disturbance. However, the aid of the Sheriff, Mayor, and police was called in and the rioters disappeared, and have since given no farther trouble.

Ann Gallop, a mulatto girl, was arrested at Chesapeake city, Maryland, for going into that State, contrary to the Act of Assembly of 1839, which imposes upon any free negro or mulatto residing in any other State who may come into this, a fine of $20 for the first offence, and $500 for the second offence—all the first fine and half the last to go to the informer.

The Norfolk Herald records the death of William Rogers, a native of Poole, England, who, at the age of twenty-one, about the beginning of the present century, entered the United States naval service as a seaman, and served in the Mediterranean squadron, under Com. Preble, in our war with Tripoli. He was one of the gallant crew, headed by the late Commodore (then lieutenant) Stephen Decatur, who, in 1803, executed the brilliant and perilous achievement of boarding and burning the frigate Philadelphia, in the harbor of Tripoli, and under the guns of its batteries, an achievement which has few parallels for desperate courage and heroic daring in the annals of naval warfare.

The present relative strength of the New and Old School bodies of the Presbyterian Church, as drawn from their report just published, is as follows: Presbyteries—New School, 108; Old School, 146. Ministers—N. S., 1,562; O. S., 2,293. Churches—N. S., 1,681; O. S., 2,976. Communicants—N. S., 141,447; O. S., 225,404.

The motion to abolish the degree of Rebekah was rejected by the Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., at its session in Baltimore, on the 9th inst.

Married, in Pennsylvania, Mr. Wright, to Miss Betterway. Mr. W. had no doubt read Pope's Universal Prayer, particularly the following verse:

If I am RIGHT, Thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find the BETTER WAY.

Belize, Honduras, has been nearly destroyed by fire. One hundred and fifty houses and five hundred thousand dollars worth of property were consumed.

While extra good workmen in California are earning from three to six dollars a day, the San Francisco papers tell us that the supply of labor, generally, is far in advance of the demand. The highest wages are paid to jewellers, seamen, workers in metals, joiners, &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATER FOREIGN NEWS.

By the steamship St. Louis, at New York, we have Liverpool dates to the 30th ult.

The French troops have re-embarked from Bomarsund, and are expected to make a descent on Finland, west of Helsingfors.

The expedition to the Crimea was to leave Varna on the 30th of August. It is to consist of 70,000 men, of whom 20,000 are Turks, to sail in six hundred transports.

Omer Pasha, with a force of 25,000 men, has entered Bucharest.

The fire in Varna consumed 300 shops and private houses. Several Greeks, who were charged with having been concerned in causing the spread of the flames, have been shot.

The Spanish Government has borrowed 65,000,000 reals upon security of the revenues of Cuba.

Queen Christina has quitted Madrid, it is supposed for Lisbon.

The quotations for Cotton are ⅛ higher on qualities below middling. The sales on the 28th and 29th were 8,000 bales each day.

Breadstuffs are dull, and lower in price. Wheat has declined 8d., and Flour from 1s. 6d a 2s. Corn is in good demand and has advanced 1s.

FURTHER FROM CHINA.

The steamship Empire City with the California mails, 390 passengers, and over one million in gold, arrived at New York on the 12th.

She brings some additional news from China. The revolutionary party had possession of two large towns near Whampoa, and were hourly expected to attack Canton. A portion of the U. S. Surveying Squadron were moored off the factories for the design of protecting American interests. The Mandarins had stopped the export of rice. Several Chinese merchants had left the city. Large forces of Imperial troops were stationed outside the walls. The clipper ship Mermaid arrived at San Francisco; spoke the U. S. store ship Supply among the Loo Choo Islands, 13 days from Jeddo, short of provisions; supplied her.

STORM AT SAVANNAH.—The storm at Savannah on Friday did almost incalculable damage. Not a tree was left standing in the city. St. John's Church was nearly ruined. Trinity Church was unroofed, and several other churches were more or less injured. Several light buildings were blown down, and the Medical College, Theatre, and State Bank sustained much injury. The wharves were overflowed, causing a great destruction of property. The steamers Jenny Lind, Oregon and Sam Jones, were wrecked. The rice crops were ruined, Dr. Screven alone losing $25,000. The Light Houses on Fig Island and Tybee have disappeared. The water is six feet deep on Hutchinson's Island. An immense amount of cotton is ruined.

STILL LATER FROM EUROPE.

By the steamship Niagara at Halifax, we have Liverpool dates to Sept. 2d, two days later.

Queen Christina's property has all been confiscated, and she has been expelled the country.

France and England have decided to dismantle and abandon Bomarsund, which it is said has been offered to Sweden, on condition of her declaring against Russia. But Sweden refuses to accept the offer.

On the 26th ult., Admiral Napier and Marshal d'Hilliers proceeded to Hango, in sight of the Russians, who blew up the fortifications there, and then retreated to Abo, where there were 15,000 men garrisoned.

The Vienna Lloyds has authentic news that Marshal St. Arnaud would leave Constantinople on the 2nd of September, and take command of the Crimea expedition, which by that time would have reached its destination.

VIENNA, Friday, September 1st.—Yesterday the Prince Gortschakoff made a confidential communication to Count Buol, and requested in return a similar explanation. He had also notified Buol that he had communications to make to the Emperor in person.

BERLIN, Friday.—Russia will not accept the Austrian invitation to commence negotiations upon the basis stipulated by the Western Powers.

COTTON MARKET.—Liverpool, Sept. 1.—Friday evening.—Milligen's circular reports the sales for the week at 55,000 bales. Orleans fair 6¼; Upland fair 6; middling 5½.

BREADSTUFFS.—Liverpool, Sept. 1.—The harvest in England are [illegible]. Flour is quoted as follows: Good Ohio, 27s. to 29; Canada, 27s. a 28s.; Sour 26s a 27s. Wheat—White, 8s a 9s; Red, 8s a 7s. 2d. Indian Corn—White and Yellow, 31s.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—Sept. 1.—Money is in demand. Consols 95¼. The bullion in the Bank has decreased £66,000.

STOCKS.—Barings' Circular reports American Stocks unchanged, with a limited business doing.

A bachelor friend of ours passing up the street yesterday, picked up a thimble. He stood for a moment meditating on the probable owner, [illegible] Our friend [illegible].

[illegible] a saddle on one [illegible] day, and in the course of a single [illegible] was carried upwards of 27 miles.

[illegible] Concha, the new Governor of Cuba, [illegible] spoken of by the New Orleans [illegible] rigidly honest, thoroughly acquainted with the character of the Cuban people, disposed to treat them with kindness, forbearance and magnanimity, and just the man to make them contented with their lot, and to prevent annexation.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company open an additional section of 100 miles of their line to Quebec, on the 24 of October. Arrangements are made for running an express train between Boston and Quebec, via Portland, in one day, so that passengers leaving New York in the evening will reach Quebec next evening. The Boston train is to reach Portland at 10 o'clock, A. M., dine at Island Pond, and reach Montreal at 10 o'clock, P. M.

A national anthem has just been adopted by the Mexican government. It bears the title of "Dios y Libertad," and the author's name is Don Jaime Nunó.

Five slaves of William Horner, late of Warrenton, Fauquier county, Va., having stopped at a hotel in Pittsburg on Monday, to get dinner, were rescued from his custody by a mob of blacks, led on by the hotel waiters. Horner said he was taking them to Wisconsin to set them free. The slaves were a mother and her four children.

On Friday week, a German jeweller, who came from Europe by the steamship Washington, was arrested in New York city with $15,000 worth of smuggled jewelry concealed about his person.

An Italian beggar in Boston, who was arrested last week for insolent abuse of ladies who refused his demands, was found to be in possession of $73.16 in specie, and confessed that in the course of four or five weeks, he had accumulated that sum in Boston by begging, besides $50 additional, which he had sent home to Italy.

WATER AT TWO CENTS PER BUCKET.—At East Cambridge, during the late drought, the people have suffered much for the want of water—have given as high, in some instances, as two cents per bucket for the essential fluid.

YELLOW FEVER.—The Savannah papers notice "muriated tincture of iron" as a certain cure for this disease. A prominent physician of Charleston writes, that he has treated, during the ten days previous to the 2d of September, a hundred and fifty cases of yellow fever, and that of that number not one has died who commenced the remedy prior to "black vomit." Doses vary from 20 to 60 drops, taken every two hours in water, and the cure is said to be perfected in three days.

AN EXAMPLE OF INDUSTRY.—The Baltimore Patriot says, that Samuel Williams, a colored man, has one of the finest farms in Washington county, Md. The Hagerstown Herald states that, at the age of 38 years, he was a slave in Stafford county, Va., but subsequently purchased his freedom from his own earnings. He then bound himself to years of servitude until he could purchase his wife and children, which he accomplished when he was sixty years of age. He now owns a farm worth $10,000, and personal property amounting to several thousand more, all earned by his own labor. He is now 73 years of age.

A SHORT STORY OF LIFE AND DEATH.—The St. Louis Anzeiger notices the death of a lady in that city, whose remains were placed in an old coffin, made of rough boards, and conveyed to the grave by the corporation cart. It then adds:

> This coffin contained the corpse of a lady who once was sincerely adored by hundreds—who one was honored, extolled, envied in society—who could command riches, and who, but a few years ago, before she trod the shores of this continent, could expect a happy and contented old age. This lady was Rosa Neschemi, the daughter of an immensely wealthy Polish nobleman. In early youth she was taken to the Imperial Court of Austria, where, in her 18th year, she was married to a French nobleman, who was also very rich. Rosa Neschemi lived many long and happy years, partly upon the possessions of her husband, partly travelling through Germany, Spain, Italy and England, and gave birth to three sons, who received the best education, and upon whom the eyes of the parents rested with great pride.
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> But then the July revolution at Paris came; Rosa's husband took a considerable and active part in it, and on the 28th he fell from the effect of three shots which he received. His name is still honored with a place on the column in the Place de la Bastille.
>
> Her eldest son, who was at one time Secretary to King Ferdinand, was assassinated in Spain. The second became a clergyman, and soon after died; and the third, coming to New Orleans when 16 years of age, subsequently made money, and five years ago he persuaded his mother, then residing in Switzerland, to come to New Orleans also, which she did, bringing with her about $6,000 in money. Unfortunately the son became intemperate, spent nearly all her money, and a year ago, having murdered a Creole, he was compelled to fly to parts unknown, leaving his mother almost penniless in a strange city. She started on her return to Switzerland, but fell a victim to the destroyer at St. Louis.

ARMED EXPEDITION AGAINST MEXICO.—It is rumored that several vessels are arming at the port of New York, under the auspices of General Alvarez and the revolutionary party in Mexico, one of the first achievements of which is to be the capture of the war steamer Santa Anna, just finished at the same port, as soon as convenient after her departure for Vera Cruz. It is also rumored that the agents of Alvarez borrowed three millions of dollars from individuals in San Francisco, for the purchase of ships and munitions of war in New York, designed for revolutionary purposes in Mexico. The screw steamer Benj. Franklin and the barque Catharine Augusta, it is stated, have been bought with this money. The Catharine having on board powder, gun-carriages, and other articles of warfare, is now in the North River, off the Battery, ready to clear for "St. Thomas and a market,"—which means anywhere. The Benjamin Franklin is loaded with coal and stores, and a limited quantity of small arms. Her guns and ammunition, and an extra supply of coals are on board the Catharine Augusta, and will be transferred to the Franklin at sea. The Franklin is also ready to leave, and will probably clear at the Custom House for the same destination, or perhaps for Gibraltar. How soon they will leave will depend, probably, upon the movements of the Santa Anna. Gen. Almonte, who is probably informed of what is afoot, may detain the Santa Anna, in which case the sailing of the chasseurs may be indefinitely delayed. The Franklin will carry about eighty men, all told, a majority of whom are said to be citizens of the United States. Her powder magazines are in the forward part of the ship, and four port-holes for guns have been pierced forward of the machinery. The other two port-holes are at the stern. All the vessels, of both parties, will sail from New York under the American flag, and every sailor has hired himself for one year; and the engineers for two.

The Santa Anna is worth $180,000, and will therefore be something of a prize—if captured. Several gentlemen of high standing in the United States and elsewhere, are reported to be interested. The Government should pay attention to all parties.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.—On Monday, of last week, the Grand Sire of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows submitted to the Grand Lodge of the United States, which commenced its sessions that day in Baltimore, a very interesting report, from which we learn that there are under the jurisdiction of that body 3,110 lodges, with 204,000 members, their annual revenue being $1,375,000, and expenditures for benevolent purposes $530,000. The Grand Lodge of British America having been extinguished, the Grand Lodge of the United States has, at the desire of the members of the Order in Canada, resumed its authority over all the continent north of us. When this resumption took place on the 14th of October last, there were but six Lodges in British North America, but now there are fifteen actively at work. The Grand Master of California has inquired of the Grand Sire as to the propriety of admitting Chinese members to the Order, and allowing them to have a lodge to work in the Chinese language, and the reply has been favorable. Pennsylvania has the largest Grand Lodge in the Union, with over five hundred subordinate Lodges, and a membership but little short of 50,000. The revenues in this State for the past year reached $250,000, of which $111,508 was expended in relief.

THE VIRGIN MARY.—We learn from the Paris Univers that a grand council of Roman Catholic Bishops, from all parts of the world, is to assemble at Rome at the end of next October, to deliberate on the question of the immaculate conception of the most Holy Virgin, and it is hoped finally to settle what is the true dogma of the Roman Church on that point. The Univers says that "it is probable that the 8th of December of this year, will witness the accomplishment of the universal wish, and that Mary will be proclaimed by the infallible voice of the Church, immaculate in her conception. It is known that the saints of centuries now past and general opinion expect this definition; the peace of the world and the triumph of the Church must be the recompense of this supreme honor decreed to the Queen of Virgins."

TREMENDOUS STORM AT CHARLESTON.—A violent storm of rain and wind commenced at Charleston on Thursday week and continued until Friday. A number of houses were unroofed, several wharves destroyed, and the shipping much injured. In some of the streets the water was four feet deep. The battery was greatly injured, and the water made a complete breach over it. The Charleston Hotel sustained considerable damage. Several schooners and steamboats were blown ashore. Communication with Sullivan's Island was entirely cut off for the time. The Old Point House was swept away, but it is not known whether any lives were lost. The sea made a breach through the Moultrie House, and the occupants retreated to the cupola for safety. Most of those on the island took refuge at Fort Moultrie.

CHOLERA AT COLUMBIA, PA.—We learn from several friends who have just returned from Columbia, that on Friday evening week, about six o'clock, the cholera suddenly made its appearance in that town, and with so much virulence that during that night no less than thirty cases and ten deaths occurred. Up to Sunday morning, the total number of deaths reached forty-five; which, in a population of 4,500, is in the ratio of one per centum. This extraordinary mortality is attributed to the heavy miasma engendered by the low stage of water in the Susquehanna river, and to the prevalence of southerly winds.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1854.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the steamship Africa, at New York, we have Liverpool dates to the 26th ult.

THE CAPTURE OF BOMERSUND.—The English papers give the subjoined interesting details of the capture of Bomersund:

The first disembarkation of French troops took place on the morning of August 8th, at a landing place selected by the General and Admiral, the bay about three miles in width, situated to the south-west of the Russian forts, and at a distance of 2,500 yards from the westernmost fort, called Fort Tzee. No efficient resistance could be offered by the Russian garrison to the landing of so strong a force, covered by such an imposing strength of ships. From the diary kept by an officer we are informed that at 9 o'clock on the evening of the 7th, the whole fleet stretched across the mouth of the bay of Bomersund, and brought their force to cover the west shore, on which the landing was to take place.

Soon after 9 o'clock, a signal was made to the whole fleet to get out boats. Half-past 10, the Termagant, British steamer, steamed silently under the headland of the western promontory, and brought up within 200 yards of the shore, but protected by the promontory from shore fire. At succeeding intervals of a quarter of an hour, the steamers Stromboli and Sphynx, likewise came in and took up a similar position. At 1 o'clock on the morning of the 8th, the Russians commenced firing from three heavy guns in the Porthwork battery, on such boats as passed within range. Three o'clock, morning, the Edinburgh, British steamer, towing boats, rounded the promontory, followed by the French line-of-battle-ship Duperre, towing pinnace boats, containing field guns and horses. The Edinburgh threw shells into the woods to dislodge the riflemen. Four o'clock, morning, Phlegethon, (French) and Amphion, (English,) steamed through an intricate passage, and moved west of the earthwork battery, where none of its guns could be brought to bear against them. From this safe position they threw shell "with beautiful precision" for half an hour, and then sent three boats in to spike the guns. On landing, "waving the French and English flags," they found the Russians had saved them the trouble, by blowing up the battery.

Five o'clock, A. M., of the 8th, the Stromboli was sent to clear the bush of riflemen, on which the first round tower and the main fort had an opportunity of throwing shell at the Amphion and Phlegethon, causing the latter to move to her berth. In the meantime Napier, in the Bulldog, came up and assisted the Stromboli to engage the round tower, while the troops were being rapidly landed on another part of the beach. By 8 o'clock 11,000 troops had been safely landed, formed and marched through a pine forest to a village on the heights, about two miles distant from the fortress. Eleven o'clock the Bulldog with Sir Charles Napier on board, ran aground, within range of the forts. Although the Admiral's flag was flying at the fore, the Russians did not fire upon it, which was considered rather "incomprehensible;" and at six o'clock, evening the ship floated off. The ships at this time in front of the forts were the English (all steam) Bulldog, (Admiral Napier,) Edinburgh, (Admiral Chads,) Hague, Ajax, Blenheim, Amphion, Termagant, Belleisle, Penelope, Sphynx, Gladiator, Valorous, Vulture, Pigmy, Lightning; Transports—Prince, Julia, Columbia, Cornelius, Fox-Cutter, Sparrowhawk; Yachts—Mavis, Foam, Esmeralda. French ships—Inflexible, (flag-ship) Breslau, Trident, Tage, Duperre, St. Louis, Algerine; Steamers—Phlegethon, Darien, Souffleur, Asmodee, Dain, Ezine, Hautbois.

On the north side of the island were the Leopard, Arrogant, Odin, Hecla, Locust, Porcupine, Otter, Alban, and Cuckoo. During the remainder of the 8th, the small craft were employed in carrying provisions, ammunition, &c., from the ships to the shore; the Amphion moored in front of the disabled battery to prevent the Russians from repairing it; and Sir Charles Napier finished the day's work by dining with Gen. Baraguay d'Hilliers.

August 9th. The French, with their usual foresight, appropriated all the horses and draught cattle of the peasantry, in order to transport baggage, &c., to head quarters; and foraging parties were sent to bring in everything eatable that could be obtained either with or without money. The main body of the army rested in the pretty village of Skarpans, built on an eminence four miles inland, and one mile and a half distant from the enemy's first tower.

Between the village and the tower extended a narrow valley, with a long sheet of water, and beyond there rose an extended ridge of rocks and high land to the height of 260 feet, under shelter of which the advanced body were encamped, consisting of 600 English marines, 400 French marines, and the 12th battalion of the Chasseurs de Vincennes. At two o'clock, (afternoon) Gen. Baraguay d'Hilliers inspected the encampment, and was cordially received. He is described as a noble looking old man—standing firm and erect, although 74 years of age, and minus a hand, which he lost in the French war against Russia in 1812. By evening of the 9th, a bake-house and slaughter-house were established; the vivandieres had opened their tents, and the whole economy of camp-life was in active operation. On the shore a pier was built and cranes erected for the purpose of landing the heavy guns.

August the 10th was chiefly signalized by the British steamer Penelope going ashore just within range of the long fort, which kept up a steady fire upon her for two hours and a half. Their fire was good, twenty-four shots having struck in hull or rigging, out of the total number of 121 fired. During this affair, the Edinburgh and Valorous, from their previous safe position, continued to throw shells from 16 inch guns into the fort. By evening 600 men from the ships had succeeded in landing six siege guns.

August 11th. Four hundred sailors harnessed themselves to the 6 thirty-two pounders and with a band at their head, marched to the advanced camp, the Russians firing from the round tower, whenever they caught a glimpse of the procession. Desultory firing continued all day; "shells set fire to a very picturesque village" and burned it to the ground. Men were employed all day in filling sand bags and making gabions. Napier says in his despatch: "There were many instances in the last war of guns being placed in extraordinary positions; but I do not believe that in any one case such difficulties were overcome as in the present instance." To-day a Russian, in the garb of a priest, attempted to convey a lady out of the fort. The letter-writer congratulates himself that the priest was fired at and either killed or wounded, for he fell down in the carriage, and the horse galloped back through the gateway of the fortress.

August 12th. Some blockheads of British fired on the French relief picket, mistaking them for Russians—two were killed and five wounded. Two English sailors killed on board the Penelope, were buried by torchlight beneath a pine, on the bark of which their companions carved the words, "Woodman! spare that tree!" During the whole day the artillery of the Chasseurs were firing shells and building a battery. Had 300 or 400 shells ready by evening.

August 13th. At four this morning the Russians in the first round fort commenced firing on the French. The French had now three mortars and three brass field pieces in battery—the latter in point blank range—and, after half an hour's practice, they found the range of the shells and commenced bombardment in earnest. They kept up a tremendous cannonade for some twelve hours, their shells bursting in the embrasures and over the roof, and their shot destroying the facings of the embrasures at every round. By 4 P. M., they had silenced three of the towers' guns and a flag of truce was hung out from a port hole. General Baraguay d'Hilliers rode to inquire what they wanted. The reply was "two hours to bury the dead."

D'Hilliers gave them one hour, which the besieged not only used for burial purposes but also to bring up reinforcements from the fort below, and to obtain a further supply of ammunition. Firing began again with redoubled fury. Then the Russians executed a beautiful operation; the artillerymen in the second or inner fort brought their guns to bear, and threw shells completely over the besieged tower into the French camp. The French, however, had the advantage, in a great degree, owing to the assistance of their riflemen, who, from the surrounding rocks, poured deadly showers of bullets through the embrasures and killed many artillerymen at their guns. At 8 o'clock, a second flag of truce was hung out, which the French General refused to recognize, because the garrison had not refrained, during the previous truce, from all work excepting burial of the dead. Bombardment continued all night. Loss of the French this day, about 50 killed and wounded.

August 14th. The Russian firing having become very slack, the French, at 5 o'clock, A. M., effected a breach, and captured the tower. They found only 51 men left alive. The walls were completely knocked to pieces. Immediately on the French and English flag being hoisted, the second tower opened fire upon the fort.

August 15th. The English batteries erected behind a defence of sand bags 10 feet in height, opened on the second tower, and kept up a rapid discharge of shot and shell. From the sea the ships-of-the-line Edinburgh, Ajax, Amphion, Hecla, Valorus, Bulldog, Driver, Arrogant, and some smaller vessels, with the French ships Asmodee, Phlegethon and Darien joined in the bombardment. A ten-inch gun was brought ashore and mounted on the remains of the earthworks. The Russian shells had set fire to the first fort, (just captured,) and at half past 11 it blew up with a tremendous explosion, and left a mass of blackened ruins.

At noon all the ships dressed with flags and fired a royal salute in honor of the *fete* of St. Napoleon; the ships engaged paid the salute with shotted guns against the enemy. At 1 P. M., it was seen that the tower was becoming shattered, but the ships did not cease firing until half-past 4 o'clock, by which time the tower could only keep up a dropping fire. At 6 o'clock the besieged hung out a flag of truce, which the besiegers seem to have disregarded, for the account says, "*whereupon our marines and mariners coolly walked up and took all prisoners*"—numbering only 115 men and 3 officers. It is true that when the flag offered there was a practicable breach in the walls. The English lost one of their best engineers, Lieut. C. Wrottesley. Amongst the prisoners were marched to the ships, the commandant, a colonel in the Russian army, exclaiming bitterly as he passed the ruins of the walls he had so bravely defended—"Oh, England! England! we did not expect this from you."

August 16th. The ships commenced to shell the main body of the fort, now much weakened as well by the great amount of ammunition expended, and shot received, as by the fall of the two towers by which it was partly commanded. The earthwork, with the 10 inch guns and the Glaucester mortars, kept up fire from an early hour of the morning. The former did so much damage to the besieged that they directed their whole fire upon it. Napier, seeing the danger, sent the ships Edinburgh, Ajax, Arrogant, Amphion, Valorous, Sphynx, and Driver, all carrying 10-inch guns, to give the fort, simultaneously, a "shot and shell every five minutes." This order was so well carried out, that the garrison was soon compelled to hang out a flag of truce. Captain Hall (of the Bulldog) was sent on shore, and, with Admiral Percival's aid-de-camp, and two of Gen. Baraguay d'Hilliers' staff formed a deputation to negotiate with the besieged.

The garrison, admitting the uselessness of further resistance, agreed to lay down their arms, and march out. We are not informed as to the precise terms offered to the prisoners, nor have we any reliable account of the loss of life. One thousand of the prisoners were to be embarked on board the French ships Cleopatra and Syrene, to be taken to Brest; the remaining 900 are to be sent in English steamers to the Downs, there to await the orders of the British Admiralty. The fortress is very badly damaged. The list of captured arms and stores is not yet published. Sir Charles Napier, in a despatch to his government, says: "The fall of this important fortress will be followed by the submission of the Garden of Islands."

The allied force was very much larger than the Russian—the former numbering 11,000 land forces and 15 ships of war—the latter certainly under 3,000. The Russians both officers and private men, fought with distinguished bravery and skill. The Colonel Commandant, before referred to, received two bayonet wounds. The Commander-in-Chief was Col. Bodisco, brother of the late Count Bodisco, Minister at Washington.

SPAIN.—Spain, at the last accounts, was subsiding into quietness. Espartero, the new Prime Minister, is said to have informed Mr. Soule that no sale of Cuba is likely, and no Africanization scheme is in view. As regards the differences between the two Governments, he regards the expulsion of the late Cabinet as sufficient satisfaction to the United States.

On the 20th of August, the Army of Occupation entered Wallachia. The whole of Wallachia and perhaps Moldavia, will be occupied.

The Russians are still concentrating on the river Pruth, and the Turks at Bucharest. No immediate battle is expected.

The Turks met a terrible defeat at Kars, in Asia, and lost 2,000 prisoners.

The British Government has completed contracts for hemp at Gladia. Very large contracts for beef and pork are advertised.

France has reduced her import duty on breadstuffs and potashes. There have been also other reductions.

The overland mail has arrived at Marseilles, and, by the telegraph reports, silks are scarce and high. Tea is also dearer.

The latest intelligence received by telegraph from the Baltic is that the troops from Bomersund are to be embarked for service elsewhere.

Preparations are renewed for the expedition against the Crimea.

Sir Edmund Lyons has sailed into the Black Sea, with his division of the allied fleet. Its destination is unknown.

It is reported by telegraph from Stockholm, that if the pending negotiation for the occupation of the island of Aland by 20,000 Swedish troops fail, the fortifications, including those of Bomersund, are to be blown up.

Orders have been despatched to Plymouth to prepare the ship Caledonia to receive the Russian prisoners.

The correspondents of the London News and Chronicle have been arrested by the Turks at Bucharest, and ordered to retire to Giurgevo.

Prince Gortschakoff is understood to have received an intimation from the Czar to make no reply to the last proposition of Austria, but would demand to know Austria's intention.

The French troops at Bomersund are suffering terribly from the cholera, and will probably be ordered to re-embark immediately.

COTTON MARKET.—Liverpool, August 25.—Milligan reports the sales of cotton for the week at 34,000 bales; Orleans Fair 6½; Middling 5½; Upland Fair 6; Middling 5. Demand moderate and prices have declined ⅛. Sales to speculators 2,000 bales, and to exporters 4,000.

BREADSTUFFS.—Liverpool, August 25.—Flour—Western Canal 31s. Ohio 31s. Corn—Yellow 30s; white 32s. Wheat has declined, chiefly in the better grades.

PROVISIONS.—Liverpool, August 25. There has been a speculative demand for beef and pork in consequence of the advertisements for large Government contracts, which are to close on the 2nd of October. The circulars quote beef and pork firm, with moderate transactions. Lard has receded from the previous advances, and is quoted at 51s, but the real value is 53s.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—Consols are quoted at 91⅞.

TERRIBLE RIOT AT NEWARK, N. J.—The First Annual Parade of the American Protestant Association Lodges in the State of New Jersey, mostly composed of Irishmen, took place in Newark, on the 5th inst., and was in honor of the first session of the first American Congress. Lodges from New York and Brooklyn united in the demonstration.

The procession was composed probably of 2,000 persons, four abreast. After finishing the line of march, they proceeded to Military Hall for a collation.

Previous to 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the Association had dinner at Military Hall, in Market street, after which they again formed in line to finish their parade. Their route lay through the western portion of the city. While passing through William street, near High street, in the immediate vicinity of the Roman Catholic Church, a neighborhood thickly populated with Irish, a collision occurred between the residents there and those in the procession, which led to serious consequences. As the last part of the procession was passing the Church, shots were discharged, and stones were thrown from the windows. One of the shots passed through the banner of Henry Clay Lodge, No. 10, of New York, and one of the stones struck a man in the procession. Some of the Protestants, feeling enraged at the outrage committed upon them, left the ranks of the procession and made an onslaught upon the church. A party of about thirty first broke into the church, and it is asserted that they found a Catholic priest and about twenty Irishmen in the building. The priest and some of his party got out of the church immediately by a back way and ran off. The Protestants proceeded to sack the church. They destroyed the organ, demolished the altar and seats of the church, broke out the windows, and otherwise injured the building, to the amount of $500 to $800.

A crowd entered a few minutes afterward, and when they had finished the work of destruction the building was completely riddled, and presented a most desolate appearance. A large number of pistol shots were fired in the church against the walls and ceiling by the Protestants.

One Catholic Irishman named Thomas McCarthey, was shot outside of the church, immediately after the commencement of the affray. He received two balls in the lower part of his abdomen, out of about twenty shots said to have been fired at him. He died at 10 o'clock last night.

Another Catholic who had knocked down one of the Protestants that entered the church, was in turn, knocked down and jumped upon, and some person drew a knife, the blade of which was eight inches in length, and struck him, as if intending to "pin him" to the floor. The knife cut the prostrate man badly in the neck. Others were seriously wounded, but how many were injured, or how much they were hurt, could not be learned.

The police soon after arrived on the spot, and order was restored. The procession moved to the railroad depot, and as they were about taking the cars, a large party of Catholics made a descent upon the Protestants, and threw about one hundred stones and brickbats into the crowd, hitting several, but hurting none severely.

Two persons were arrested at the Market street depot, after the societies had left, on the affidavit of Roger Dougherty, as being the ones who first broke open the doors of the Catholic Church, and being otherwise engaged in the riot. One of them was named John Cowan, of the Seventeenth Ward Police, New York, and belonged to one of the associations. He was but be tied by some means, and it is said was arrested merely on suspicion before any charge had been made. He declared himself entirely innocent, and was held to bail in the sum of $200 by parties in this city. The other person arrested is named Edward Hall, also of New York, but not connected with any of the societies. An ineffectual attempt to rescue him was made at the depot, and he was committed in default of bail.

On the other side, Mr. Ballins, the officiating priest of the German Catholic Church at Newark, asserts that he was sitting, at the time the riot commenced, in his apartments, taking dinner; that the first he was aware of the riot, was a stone coming through the window. He immediately got up and went into the church. But, upon entering, it was crowded with people, and as they perceived him they ran after him. He immediately barred the door, and changed his clothing, and made his escape out of the back window, with two other priests from New York, and succeeded in making their escape. He also says that there was no one in the building, as reported, and the only opposition made in the church to the mob was by an old German woman, who was employed in washing, and who rushed in for the purpose of preventing them from demolishing the pews. One of the assailants presented a pistol at her breast, when she exclaimed, "Shoot, I'm only a woman!"

THE YELLOW FEVER.—The mortality at Savannah is frightful. During the week ending with Tuesday week the deaths were 123, no less than 74 being from yellow fever. When the census of 1850 was taken, Savannah had a total population of 15,312 persons, so that this mortality is in the ratio of one death to every 93 persons. Business has been almost entirely suspended in consequence of this calamity. The largest hotel in the city, the Pulaski, has been closed, and the next in size, the Marshall, is also expected soon to do likewise. Half of the boarding houses have been deserted by their proprietors, thirty-five business houses have been shut up, and "closed on account of sickness" meets the eye at every turn.

EFFECTS OF THE DROUGHT ON THE PRICE OF CATTLE.—A gentleman who has been through all Southern Illinois, and is extensively engaged in the cattle business, says that while cattle fit for beef measurably hold their prices, cattle unfit for beef can be bought for a song. The drought is getting worse and worse. There is little or no hay or corn, and feed is very short. He says the utmost despair prevails among the stock raisers. He says the best of calves sold at 4, yearlings at 6, and two year olds at $10. Water had become so scarce that farmers had let their cattle out to find water in the running streams where they best could.

CALIFORNIA NEWS.

The Steamship Star of the West has arrived at New York, bringing California dates to the 16th ult., 450 passengers, and over one million in gold.

Later advices from China had been received at San Francisco. The large town of Tzon Koon is in possession of the rebels, and there were rumors that Canton would be invested, although the foreign residents expressed considerable confidence in their position. The Governor-General had decapitated 300 persons with a view to terrify the insurgents. The U. S. brig Porpoise had left for the States.

Several British vessels of war were at San Francisco when the Star of the West sailed.

Trade at San Francisco was becoming more active, and, generally speaking, goods were held at better rates. It is anticipated that the fall trade will be very brisk.

All hopes of an arrangement between the wings of the Democratic party in California have been abandoned. There is little doubt that the Whigs will carry the State, but it was thought that the Know-Nothings held the balance of power. They are represented as being strong in all the chief towns.

A treaty has been concluded between the American Commissioner and the Government of the Sandwich Islands, for the annexation of the same to the United States. The treaty was despatched by mail from San Francisco, on the 16th. All the members of the King's Council were in favor of annexation except two. The King was the most active promoter of the treaty. The details of the document have not transpired.

Several French and British vessels were at the Sandwich Islands, at the last accounts.

The town of Bidwell has been destroyed by fire. The loss is about $100,000. Salt has been discovered in great abundance in Los Angeles county.

A party reports that the central route is highly practicable for the Pacific Railroad bill.

Mining is plenty, and continues to yield very handsomely. Some great gold discoveries are reported at Santa Barbara.

Laura Keene, the actress, left very abruptly for Sidney, Aus. Kate Hayes gave a concert at Honolulu, and left for Australia.

Most excellent flour is manufactured at the Los Angeles Mills.

The announcement that the Land Commissioners were unable to agree on the claim of the city of San Francisco, had an injurious effect on business. A site had been secured for the House of Refuge.

Among the passengers of the Star of the West, are Governor Davis, of Oregon, who resigned on account of sickness, and Lieut. Beckwith and his surveying party.

A very fatal malady was raging among the newly arrived Chinese at San Francisco.

The Hock Farm Digger tribe of Indians, a few years ago, numbered over five hundred, at present there are but fifteen living.

Another boulder, worth about $400, was taken out of the Arcadia Tunnel, at Minnesota, a few days ago.

There is a prospect that a fourth set of Congressional nominations will be made in this State by the Free Soil Party, who will nominate men opposed to the Nebraska Bill, and in favor of its repeal.

Some individual at Mariposa professes to have discovered by accident a subterraneous pass through the Sierra Nevada, which he thinks is practicable for a railroad. He also professes to have discovered a tribe of *white* Indians.

Coal has been accidentally discovered near Bellingham Bay, Puget Sound.

Messrs Alexander & Norton have arrived at Sacramento from Western Missouri. During the whole journey across the plains, the weather was pleasant and healthy. The Indians gave no trouble. There is a bridge across the North Platte, 300 feet in length.

The order of Know-Nothings is gradually extending throughout the interior counties of the State. They are already quite formidable in Placerville, Downieville, and Nevada.

Ole Bull gave a grand concert, at Musical Hall, on the 8th inst., for the benefit of the charitable fund of the Fire Department.

A man named Blaxton has left Oakland city to ride to Independence, Missouri, in 11 days. A bet of $6,000 is pending on the result.

The corner stone of a Jewish Synagogue was laid on the 6th inst., in this city.

Capt. Maloney, of the barque Libertad, has been fined $200 in the Recorder's Court, for a breach of the U. S. Passenger Laws, in overcrowding his vessel. His passengers were Chinese, of whom 100 died on the passage from China to this port, and about 50 after the vessel arrived here.

Another battle between parties of Chinese at enmity with each other, is expected to take place near Shasta about the 20th inst.

About 600 Chinese passengers arrived on the 11th inst., in the Chinese ship Exchange. 85 deaths occurred on the passage.

THE RUSSIANS AT OUR DOORS.—A whole fleet could not produce more commotion on our coast than does the Russian frigate Diana. By the arrival of the Restless, we learn that she eluded the British frigate that followed her out of the harbor of Honolulu—turned upon her course, and put into port again, where she no sooner received the news of the declaration of war than she set sail again. Two days after her departure, a fine British ship, with a full cargo, reached Honolulu. Luckily the Diana did not fall in with her, although it is known that she was cruising on the Islands for three weeks after her departure from Honolulu; since then she has had time to run over to our coast. She was looking for her consort, the Aurora, and the British frigate Pique, which had been sent out by the Admiralty purposely to capture her. The Pique, it is said, is in pursuit of the Diana, but she will find it more easy to pursue than to capture, for while she carries but 40 guns, the Diana has 60.—*San Francisco Herald.*

MARIO'S MYSTERIOUS ADMIRER.—The New York papers tell the following story of Mario, Grisi's handsome husband:—

It appears that Mario has, for a long time past, been beset with the attentions of an English lady of great wealth, who persists in following him wherever he goes, although he has frequently denied her an interview. While in London, she was never absent a night during his engagement, and always occupied the most conspicuous place in front of the stage. When he went to St. Petersburgh, she followed him, and on his appearance there, one of the first persons he saw among the brilliant audience of the Russian capital, was his constant and ardent admirer. In her devotion to him, she crossed ocean and continents, and although he has always slighted her attentions, and refused to listen to her addresses, her love—if love it can be called—has never grown cold, but appears to increase with time. As soon as she heard of his intention to visit this country, she kept a vigilant watch on his movements, till she found that he was coming in the Baltic, when she immediately engaged rooms on board that vessel, and accompanied him to this country. On their arrival, Mario and Grisi put up at the St. Nicholas, and so did Mr. Coutts; and now at the first auction of tickets, we find him (we beg the lady's pardon—her) giving two hundred and fifty dollars for the first seat.

Many think the above all a humbug. A contemporary says of the first concert:—

We must not forget to mention that the woman who bought the $250 ticket, turned out to be, as every one expected, a fictitious humbug, gotten up for the occasion. In order to attract attention, a good-looking female was dressed up richly to personate her, and had her face covered with white powder. She sat in the vestibule, where the gathering throng all might have a chance to see her, until eight o'clock, when she rose and was escorted to her $250 seat amid the mocking applause of the crowd. All such things we regard as satires upon American taste and credulity. The same woman also purchased the highest ticket at the second concert.

AWFUL AFFAIR IN ALABAMA.—The Montgomery (Ala.) Journal, of the 30th ult., says:—

The negro Gilbert, who so barbarously murdered his master, Dr. McDonnell, at Mount Meigs on Friday last, received a just and summary punishment on Saturday by burning. The known kindness and amiability of his master, and the desperate, unprovoked and wanton malignity of the negro, rendered this mode of punishment not only justifiable, but necessary, as an example. The circumstances, as we learn, were these: The doctor, on returning from a day's absence in visiting his patients, learned that the boy Gilbert had been impertinent to his lady, who was confined to her bed-room by sickness. He attempted to correct him, which the boy resisted, and escaped from him. The doctor then went to the stable for the purpose of getting his horse, and was waylaid by the boy, who was armed with a heavy billet of white oak, felled him and continued to beat him until his face and head were crushed to a shapeless hideous mass, which could not be recognized by his nearest friends. The negro then returned to the house, and boasting of the murderous deed he had perpetrated, and stated that "he had killed the d—d rascal, as he had long intended to do, and had left him weltering in his brains," &c. He was immediately arrested, and the indignant purpose at first was to hang him instantly that night. Others urged more deliberation. Runners were sent throughout the section to assemble the citizens. A large number of planters from the vicinity convened in the morning, who thoroughly and dispassionately investigated all the circumstances, and resolved on immediate execution by burning. The gentlemen constituting the meeting were men of prudence, deliberation and intelligence, and acted from an imperative sense of the necessity of an example to check the growing and dangerous insubordination of the slave population. The murder was wanton and unprovoked, as Dr. McDonnell was a humane master, who rarely, if ever, punished his slaves—and most especially the boy Gilbert, who was a favorite body servant. The punishment was just and prompt, and calculated to check the known evils of which so many complain.

AN APOLOGY FOR COMMANDER HOLLINS.—A letter written to the New York Times, by some one who assumes to be familiar with the opinions of Commander Hollins, gives the following novel explanation of the meaning of that officer when he wrote to the English lieutenant, Jolley, that he regretted the English force was not double that of the Cyane:

"Be it known that by the regret he expressed to the English commander—and which has been distorted into the ebullition of a braggadocio—he simply meant to convey the idea that the presence of a force twofold that of his own would have furnished a valid excuse for neglecting or declining to carry out the infamous instructions, and so saved his beloved country the disgrace of the ordered bombardment.

"This is written without the knowledge of Commander Hollins, but you may rest assured it reflects his true sentiments."

A FAMILY OF ROBBING RATS.—Some of our citizens complain of rats destroying their grapes. A lady of our acquaintance informed us last night that she noticed the rinds of the grapes strewed under the vines. She blamed her juveniles, and determined to have an eye upon them. For this purpose she concealed herself, when, to her surprise, an entire family of juvenile rats made their appearance, headed by their attentive parents, and ascended one of the vines where they had quite a feast, selecting the choicest bunches of the delicious fruit.—*Cincinnati Times, 3rd.*

POLITICAL NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Judge Pollock, the Whig candidate for Governor, at a recent meeting in Pittsburg, alluded to the leading question before the people involved in the management of the public works. He was uncompromisingly in favor of their sale at the earliest possible moment, as the only means of reducing and ultimately extinguishing the public debt and the abolition of the State taxes. They were now a heavy burden upon the people, costing hundreds of thousands annually more than they yield, and were besides, a source of corruption, which, as patriots and Pennsylvanians, it is our duty to get rid of.

He recurred to the question of Education. He eulogised our present system of Common Schools. It extended the blessings of education to all—rich and poor, high and low, white and black. It was a great system, and great because it made education common to all. Let it remain common. No division of the school fund (cheers.) Let it remain intact, that the people may proudly point to its glorious results, and exclaim—"These are my jewels!" But if the Protestant or Catholic Church shall succeed in procuring a division of the school fund, all these results will be lost, and hatred, ill-will, bickering and bigotry take their place. I stand here, said Judge Pollock, as the advocate and defender of Civil and Religious Liberty, notwithstanding the vile slanders to the contrary heaped upon me; but if my church or any other church chooses to enter the political arena and make itself a political engine, down with it! (Immense applause.) The church needs no aid from the State; it depends upon the aid of a higher and Almighty power; and while the State needs the aid of all good citizens, it owes it to itself to keep itself separate from all connexion with religious propagandism.

Judge Pollock then proceeded to dwell at much length upon the Nebraska Bill and the questions arising out of it. He sketched the course of the founders of the Government in preventing the extension of slavery by passing the ordinance of 1787, the beneficent effects of which are incalculable. He deplored the departure from the policy of that ordinance, which commenced in the acquisition of Louisiana, in 1803, in the admission of Missouri as a Slave State, in recognizing slavery south of 36 deg. 30 minutes, in the annexation of Texas, and in the Compromise of 1850. He drew a vivid picture of the evils of slavery, the existence of which he deplored, and proceeded to consider the bearing of the Nebraska Bill upon the extension of the system. That bill was attempted to be thrust down our throats upon the ridiculous plea of "popular sovereignty." He was the friend of "popular sovereignty;" but the principle of the Nebraska Bill was very mockery. It set popular sovereignty at utter defiance, and instead of giving the people the right to legislate upon the subject of slavery as they please, it actually and really prevents them from prohibiting or abolishing it. It was a simple scheme for the extension of slavery under a very flimsy guise; and as such it deserved all the condemnation that can be heaped upon it. Judge Pollock enlarged upon this point at much length, and after a general survey of the whole slavery question, he concluded with reference to the present commotions in Europe, which he trusted would eventuate in the downfall of oppression and tyranny there, and be followed legitimately here by the bestowment of liberty upon every human being existing within the bounds of our glorious Union.

Democratic meetings recently have been held in Sullivan and Tioga counties, Pennsylvania, at which resolutions were adopted, declaring that they "will not support any man for office who has not been openly and unequivocally opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and to the extension of slavery into free territory, and who will not pledge himself to use his whole influence for the re-enactment of said compromise."

VERMONT.—The election appears to have resulted in a thorough Whig and Free Soil victory, the whole Union State ticket being elected, besides three members of Congress and a large majority in the Legislature, which insures an Anti-Nebraska U. S. Senator.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Democratic County Convention met at Pittsburg on the 6th, and nominated a county ticket and Charles Shaler for Congress. Resolutions were also passed approving of the National and State Administrations, denouncing the Know Nothings, &c. Considerable excitement prevailed, and the Convention adjourned in confusion.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Massachusetts Republican Anti Nebraska State Convention, which met at Worcester on the 7th, was addressed by the Hon. Chas. Sumner. A number of Democrats and Whigs were present, though the greater portion were Free Soilers. Mr. Wilson was nominated for Governor; and it is supposed that he also will receive the support of the Know Nothings.

NEW YORK.—The Democratic Soft Convention, was held at Syracuse on the 7th, when the majority report of the Committee on Resolutions was adopted. These Resolutions compromise on the Nebraska question—are dead against Know-Nothingism—and in favor of free trade, and against internal improvements. The minority of the Committee submitted a report condemning the passage of the Nebraska Bill and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. The report was made by Abijah Mann, and signed by Messrs. Welsh, Judge Ellsworth, and himself. An unsuccessful attempt was made to append the minority to the majority report. Mr. Mann, subsequently offered the three resolutions, which were offered in Committee, and they were read. The first asserts the power of Congress to make regulations for the territories, and its bounden duty to provide against the extension and establishment of slavery therein. The second disclaims any interference with slavery, as existing, by national legislation. The third dissents from the creed that slavery is politically, morally and commercially beneficial, or in conformity with the principle of Christian civilization. They were tabled by a vote of 220 yeas to 106 nays.

Mr. Seymour was nominated, and a Committee was appointed to inform him of his nomination.

The Committee to confer with Mr. Seymour reported that he was not at Albany, and could not be found. A motion to continue their powers was lost. Preston King and others seceded from the Convention, upon the refusal to adopt, out and out, Anti-Nebraska resolutions.

The Whig primary meeting, held at Syracuse, on the 7th, wore a "Know Nothing" aspect. The Standard, a Free Soil journal, hoisted the "Soft" ticket nominated, but repudiates the Nebraska resolution.

SINGULAR.—It is stated as a significant fact, showing the chaotic state of the Democratic party in that quarter, that there is not one out-and-out Administration paper printed in the city of New York. The True Democrat, the "last link," has dissolved the bands.

THE "GREAT FATHER" AND HIS CHILDREN.—The Fremont Journal, (Iowa,) gives a sad account of Ottoes and Missouri Indians. Government having neglected to comply with treaty stipulations, those tribes are suffering from the gnawings of hunger, and have commenced ravaging the gardens and plundering the whites residing in Nebraska of everything they can put their hands upon. The whites have all complied with the demand first made by the Indians, and have each paid over ten dollars, which was to secure them from molestation. The Indians, when upbraided for their breach of faith, state that the "Great Father" at Washington, has broken his pledge with them, and that they are compelled to break their faith with the emigrants.

Local News.

THE TURNER PIC NIC.—The Germans had a grand time at Lemon Hill. Their musical, terpsichorean and gymnastic sports were continued for two days, during which time pretzels, Bolognas, and lager beer—(especially the latter)—suffered "some." We regret to say that the enjoyment of this occasion was marred, on the first day, by a row among some German and American outsiders. Canes, clubs, and glasses were freely used, and a number of Germans were very badly cut. Fifteen or twenty shots were fired, and one or two persons were seriously injured. One lad received a shot in the breast, but the ball lodged against one of his ribs, inflicting nothing but a slight flesh wound. John H. Parker, of the Marshal's police, was very badly beaten by the rioters, and, in the course of the fight, Mr. William Myers was knocked down with a club and badly wounded. These men were taken to their residences. One of the German Turners, from New York, was stabbed in the forehead, and so badly wounded that fears are entertained in regard to his recovery. The fences were torn up to furnish weapons for the combatants, and the place was much damaged. Several officers of the Marshal's Police finally succeeded in arresting upwards of twenty persons, but they were all discharged, after a hearing, except one—named Seiffer—who was held in $600 to answer.

DR. ROBERT M. PATTERSON, late Director of the Mint, died on Tuesday, of last week, at his residence in this city. Dr. Patterson was a man of science and a scholar, formerly a Professor in the Universities of Pennsylvania and Virginia, and President of the American Philosophical Society at the period of his death.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 234—Adults 99 and children 135.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ROSS, CAMBLOS & CO., STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.
No. 38 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6's '56	103	—	P Township	34	36
" '62	112	—	Girard	11½	12
" '67	117	—	Western	70½	72
" '68	117	—	Man & Mechs	29	30
" '65	107	—	Bk of Com	69	71
July Interest off			Camden N J	65	68
Philada 6s	87	87½	Georgetown	63	65
" 5s	81	84	Trent Bk Co	34	—
" 6s Gas	90	90½	Pitt'bg Bk	55½	57
County 5s	83	84	M & M Pitts	58	60
Penna 6s	100	—	Exch'ge, Pitts	56	—
" 5s	84	85	Com, Cn	15	—
Kentucky 6s	107	—	Louis, Ky	103	—
Tennessee 6s	83	84	Kentucky Bk	101	101½
Illinois 6s	—	—	Northern	108	—
Cincinnati 6s	96½	98	Union, Tenn	—	84
Texas T Notes	39	40	Plant's, Tenn	—	94
" Bds 6s	50	—	Vicksburg	10	11
Schuyl N 6s	74	74½	Com, Natchez	—	—
Lehigh N 6s	93	94	N O Gas Lt	110	—
" 1st Loan	96	—	Schuyl Nav	21	23
" Mort 6s	94	95	" pref'd 6s	30	30½
C & D C'l 6s	87	88	Lehigh Nav	64	64½
C & Am R Bds	81	87	C & Del Cal	—	—
Bea Mdw R 6s	81	83	Morris Cl	11½	11½
Susqueh Cl 6s	84	—	Penn&OhioCl	20	—
Morris'n R 6s	96	—	Union Cl	10	11
Harris R 6s	86	—	Cam&Am R	154	—
Wil R 6s	96	97	Penna R	44½	45
Read R 6s	74½	75	Bea Mdw R	39	40
" Mort 6s	74	80	Lykens Val R	15	—
U S Bk Shares	2	—	North Am Cl	—	14
N Amer Bk	138	140	Susqueh Cl	10	11
Penna Bank	113	114½	Norristown R	57	57½
Philadelphia	124	125	Harrisburg R	55	—
Far & Mec	69	70	Reading Road	34½	34½
Commercial	61½	62	Wilmington R	34½	34½
N Liberty	49	—	Minehill R	64	65
Mechanics	29½	29½	N Liberty Gas	20	25
Southwark	79	—	N W Min Co	—	25
Kensington	70	71	L'g Island RR	11½	11½

CORN CROP AT THE WEST.—The Chicago Daily Tribune of Monday week says, advices from the corn districts throughout the West and South are coming in more favorable.

In the western portion of Ohio including the Miami and Scioto bottoms, and the north-western part of the State, the corn crop promises well, and will yield an average crop. In the northern portion of Indiana and Illinois, the crop is also good, and the same remarks will apply to Michigan, Iowa, and Minnesota, and the northern part of Missouri. From the Southern States the advices are very encouraging, so that taking the whole West together, there is no cause for alarm, nor is there much safety in speculations based upon a failure of the corn crop. We hear of no place, however, where the potato crop is good, or even middling.

In Central Missouri, Illinois and Indiana, and in South of Kentucky, and the north-west part of Tennessee, south-eastern portion of Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, there is no doubt that the drought has proved very disastrous to corn and potatoes, and in these sections there will be a scarcity.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, September 9, 1854.

REMARKS.—The weather has been quite warm during the past week, and business generally has been dull and languid. The unfavorable accounts by the Pacific have somewhat flattened the Cotton market, and prices have been in favor of buyers. Breadstuffs of all descriptions continue to come forward slowly, both from the South and the interior. There has been very little inquiry for either Flour or Grain for shipment, but there is a moderate demand for home consumption, and prices are well maintained. The stock of the former is now reduced to a lower point than at this time for many years past. Bark continues scarce, and in demand at our last quotations. Coal continues active, with liberal receipts and shipments. Coffee has been in fair request and with a reduced stock, prices have an upward tendency. Sugar and Molasses are held firmly, but the transactions have been limited, owing to the want of stocks to operate in. Fish are unchanged. In Hemp nothing doing. Hides are dull. The Iron market is very quiet, and the sales have been confined to small lots from store at former rates. Lead continues very scarce. In Lumber there is a fair trade going forward. In Naval Stores no change. In Oils there has been more activity, and for Lard Oil an advance has been realized. Provisions have been rather quiet, but prices are steady for all descriptions. Rice is in rather better demand. In Seeds but little doing. Tallow is looking up. Tobacco is rather firm. Wool is dull. In Freights but little doing.

The intelligence from various points in the West is much more favorable respecting the yield of Corn than was anticipated. In several of the heaviest Corn growing regions the yield is said to be good, and letters received from numerous quarters indicate a much more hopeful state of affairs than first accounts warranted. It is also to be borne in mind that during the Summer several new railroads have been extended into portions of the country never before penetrated or accessible to market. The Ohio and Indiana road, a connexion of the Ohio and Pennsylvania road, will be extended by the 1st of October to Fort Wayne, Indiana, on the Wabash and Erie Canal, which opens to us a vast Corn and Wheat growing region, and we have assurances that there is a good yield of Corn at many points on the Wabash. Then the railroads leading from St. Louis into the heart of Illinois have been so far completed as to reach the most productive parts of the State, and this is the case at several other points. In all these instances, we shall be able to reach sources of supply never before realized, their surplus Grain having heretofore been either carelessly fed to stock or otherwise wasted. We shall, therefore, it is now generally believed, have an abundant supply of Corn, and this, with a moderately fair average yield of Wheat, will give us Breadstuffs sufficient to meet the lack in other crops, and at rates much less appalling than were at first dreaded. As long, however, as the dry weather continues, and the rivers remain unnavigable, Breadstuffs must rule high. There is no escape from the present starvation rates but an opening of all the sources of supply. Heavy rains and navigable streams will bring deliverance to consumers, and nothing else.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market has been exceedingly quiet during the past week. The receipts continue small, and the stock is now reduced to an almost unprecedentedly low point.—There has been some inquiry for shipment, and holders are firm at the advance noted last week. Sales of 4a5,000 bbls; fresh ground, mostly Brandywine, and other good brands at $9.25 per bbl, including 500 bbls old stock at $9; 1,000 bbls for October delivery at $8, and some extra at $10. The sales for home consumption have been to a moderate extent, within the range of $9.25a10.25 for common and extra brands, as in quality, and fancy lots at higher figures. The market continues bare of Rye Flour, and it is wanted. We quote at $7.50a8. A sale of 300 bbls was made on private terms. Corn Meal is held firmly. Sales of 250 bbls fresh ground Pennsylvania at $4.12½ per bbl, and about 1,000 bbls Brandywine at $4.50a4.62½.

Inspections of Flour and Meal for the week ending the 7th inst. were as follows:

Barrels of	Superfine Flour	8,500
Do	Fine	11
Do	Middlings	4
Do	Rye	348
Do	Corn Meal	1,845
Do	Puncheons	15
Do	Condemned	15
	Total	9,958

GRAIN.—The receipts of Wheat continue small. There has been an active demand, and prices are fully maintained. Sales of 24a28,000 bushels ordinary and prime new Southern and Pennsylvania red at $1.85a1.93 per bushel, and white at $1.95a2.06, afloat. Rye continues in demand; 2,000 bushels sold at $1.12a1.12½ for Southern, and $1.15a1.17 for Pennsylvania. Corn has been in active request, but the market closed dull. 16a18,000 bushels yellow sold at 92a93½c. Oats have again slightly declined. 15,000 bushels Southern sold at 53a54½c, closing at 53, and some Pennsylvania at 56c per bushel.

PROVISIONS.—There is but little inquiry for Mess Pork. Sales of 150 bbls at $14.75a15 per bbl, 4 mos. There is but little Prime offering, and prices are nominal. Beef is held firmly, but the only sales making are small lots for ship stores. Bacon is rather quiet, but prices are firmly maintained. Sales of Hams at 11a12½c. 300 casks Sides in lots, part to go South, at 8a8½c, and Shoulders at 7a7½ per lb, 4 mos. Lard is held firmly, and the demand has been limited. Small sales of bbls at 11a11½c, and kegs at 12a12½c per lb, cash and on time. Butter is scarce, and solid packed is in demand at 16a17c per lb. In Cheese, no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS.—There has been rather more business doing, both among the jobbing and commission houses, but prices remain without change.

BARK.—Quercitron continues scarce, and No 1 is in demand at $34 per ton. In Tanners' Bark there is nothing doing.

CANDLES.—Sperm sell slowly at our last quotations. There has been rather more inquiry for Adamantine, and 300 boxes Western sold at 22c per lb, 4 mos, which is a slight improvement.

COAL.—There is no change to notice in the market. There is a good demand for shipment, and supplies are coming forward freely, both by railroad and canal; prices are well maintained. There is no Bituminous Coal here; it is worth 22c per bushel.

The following is a report of shipments of Coal from Richmond, for the week ending the 2d inst.:

Ships.	Barks.	Brigs.	Schrs.	Sloops.	Boats.	Destination.	tons.
	3	27	79			Boston & vicinity,	23,500
		1	77			Conn. & R. Isl'd,	6,375
			6		94	N. Y. and vicinity,	7,912
			6		9	North River,	2,731
		2	18	10	8	Southern Ports,	3,246
	3	30	186	10	111		

Tons for the week	42,864
Total for the season	960,951
Same time last year	765,140
No of vessels for the week	230
Total for the season	6,041

COFFEE.—There has been an arrival of Laguayra since our last report. The stock is now materially reduced, and prices have an upward tendency. Sales of 4,500 bags Rio at 10a11c per lb, on time.

COPPER.—Prices remain without change. Sales of English Sheathing at 31c, and Yellow Metal at 27 cts per lb, 6 mos.

COTTON.—The market has been dull under the unfavorable accounts from Europe, and prices are rather in favor of buyers. The demand has been quite limited, and the sales only reach 700 bales at 9a11c per lb, on time, for Upland, and 9a12 cts for Mobile or New Orleans.

DRUGS AND DYES.—There has been a limited business doing, without change in prices. Among the sales were some Soda Ash, part at 2¼c, and part on private terms.

FEATHERS.—Are rather more inquired after; sales of 4,000 lbs good Western at 45a50 per lb.

FISH.—The demand for Mackerel continues limited, but the receipts and stocks are small, and prices well maintained. The sales are mostly confined to retail lots from store at $19 per bbl for large No 1, $16a16.50 for No 2, and $9 for No 3. In Herring and Codfish but little doing, and prices are unchanged. A sale of Halifax Herring at $3.50a3.75.

FRUIT.—The transactions have been unimportant. There have been no arrivals of foreign, and there is little or no stock here to operate in. Dried Apples sell in small lots at 4a5 cents per lb. Dried Peaches are held with more firmness, and some purchases have been made on speculation, in consequence of the unfavorable accounts from some localities in the West.

GINSENG.—Is scarce, and no sales have come under our notice.

GUANO.—In consequence of the well-known causes which have lately prejudiced and continue to prejudice the farming interest, the Minister of Peru is desirous, as far as it is in his power, to place the Peruvian Guano before consumers in such a manner as will enable them to obtain it on terms better adapted to meet the difficulties of the season, and has directed the Agent for this market, Mr. S. J. Christian, to sell in lots of 50 tons and upwards, at $45.50 cash, and retail lots at $48 cash.

HEMP.—Is very quiet, and no sales have transpired.

HIDES are dull at former rates. An import of Laguayra has just arrived.

HOPS.—Prices are fair, but the demand has been limited. Small sales of first sort at 45a50 per lb.

INDIGO is held firmly, but no transactions have been reported.

IRON.—The market is very quiet, but prices are firm. The demand has been quite limited, and the only sales reported are small lots of Anthracite at $36 per ton, 6 months, for No 1, and $35 for No 2. Blooms remain without change. Scotch Pig sells in small lots at $39a40, 6 mos. The sales of Manufactured have been to a fair extent at former rates.

LEAD.—Continues scarce, and the only sales reported are a small lot of Virginia at $6.50 cash.

LEATHER.—There is a steady demand for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather at former rates.

LUMBER.—There has been a fair business doing, and in prices there is no change to notice. Some further sales of Laths have been made at $1.87a2 per M. Spruce Joist are worth $16 per M. Yellow Pine Boards are dull.

Shipped by Lehigh, week ending the 2d inst.

	Feet
	1,349,106
Previously	31,386,132
Total to year	32,735,238

MOLASSES.—There is but little stock left in first hands, and the only sales reported are 300 bbls ordinary New Orleans on terms not made public. 100 bbls do at 24 cts, and a cargo of Trinidad on private terms.

NAVAL STORES.—Prices are unchanged, and the market has been quiet. Sales of Common Rosin at $1.62 per bbl, and Soap at $2a3. 200 bbls Tar sold at $4a4.50, and 100 bbls Pitch at $2.75. Spirits of Turpentine is held firmly. Sales of 150 bbls in lots at 58a60c, cash and on time, now held at 60c.

OILS.—There is a good demand for Fish Oils from store, and prices are well maintained. Sales of 2a300 bbls Crude Whale at 57a58c, 4 mos, and Winter Whale at 60a70c, on time. A sale of 1,500 gallons Spring Sperm at $1.60, on time. Lard Oil is held for higher prices. We quote Winter at 90c, on time.

The following are the Imports of Sperm and Whale Oil and Whalebone into the U. States for the week ending the 5th inst.:

	Bbls Sp.	Bbls. Wh.	Lbs Bone.
Total for the week	2,441	897	
Previously	61,070	307,474	3,395,277
From Jan 1 to date	63,511	308,331	3,405,477
Same time last year	74,169	246,313	5,051,103

PLASTER.—Is in steady demand, and 2 or 3 cargoes Soft sold at $3.50 per ton.

RICE.—Has been in better demand, and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 250 tcs at 4a4½c per lb, 4 mos.

SALT.—An import of Liverpool ground and a cargo of Turks Island sold on private terms.

SEEDS.—There is very little Cloverseed offering, and it sells in lots at $7 per 64 lbs. Timothy continues to arrive slowly, and commands $3.75a3.25 per bushel. There is no Flaxseed offering.

SPICES.—Limited sales at former rates.

SPIRITS.—Brandy continues to have an upward tendency, but the sales have been limited. N E Rum is very scarce and command 40a41c. Whiskey is in good demand; sales of 600 bbls at 39a40c, and hhds at the same figures, closing at our highest quotation.

SUGAR.—The receipts and stocks have been small, and prices are firm. Sales of 500 hhds Cuba and New Orleans at 4a5½c per lb, on time, and 400 boxes Havana, on terms not made public.

TALLOW.—There is a steady demand for Rendered at 12a12½c per lb, cash.

TEAS.—Are in rather better request, but prices remain without change.

TOBACCO.—Prices are firm for both Leaf and Manufacturing, and the most of the stock of the former has been withdrawn from the market for the present.

WINES.—No sales worthy of notice have transpired.

WOOL.—The market continues dull, but prices remain without change. The week's sales amount to 100,000 lbs at 27 up to 45 per lb, 6 months, for pulled and fleece.

FREIGHTS.—To foreign ports are excessively dull, and the rates are nominal. To San Francisco some few engagements have been made at 45a50c per foot. Colliers are in fair request at $2 per ton to Boston, $1.80 to Rhode Island, and $1.10a1.15 to New York.—*Inquirer.*

NEW YORK MARKETS, SEPT. 9.

ASHES.—The market is steady with sales of 50 bbls at $6a6.12½ for Pearls and $7 for Pots.

COTTON.—The Cotton market is heavy, and there is less activity. Sales of 2a800 bales.

FLOUR.—The Flour market is without important alteration. The demand is confined to supplying the wants of the trade, and there is no speculative inquiry. The receipts are small. Sales of 3,500 bbls at $8.50a10 for common to straight and favorite State; $8.50a10 for common to choice Ohio and mixed to fancy Michigan; $10a11 for extra Ohio, and $10.37a11 for extra Genesee. The market is easier for Southern Flour, with rather more offering. Sales of 1,600 bbls at $8.87½a9.75 for common to choice brands, and $10a10.50 for fancy and extra. In Canadian Flour there is nothing of moment doing. One or two parcels are offering, to arrive early next week, at $9.75. Rye Flour is selling slowly at $6a6.75 for superfine, and $6 for fine. Corn Meal is without important change. Sales of 300 bbls at $4.37½ for Jersey, $4.81½ for Brandywine, and $4.25 for State.

GRAIN.—The Wheat market is without much activity. The receipts are increasing and buyers and sellers are rather wide apart in their views. Sales of 2,500 bushels good white Michigan (old) at $2.05, and 350 white and red Southern at $1.90a1.95, prime white Genesee can be bought at $2.12½ per bushel. There is nothing doing in Rye, and prices are nominal at $1.22a1.23 per bushel. The last sales were made at the outside quotation. Barley is quiet at 93a96c per bushel. There is less doing in Corn, and the market is easier. The export demand has fallen off materially, notwithstanding there is less firmness in the freight market, and there is not so much Eastern demand. Sales of 64,000 bushels at 78a82c for unsound, and 82a84½c for sound Western mixed. The market for Oats is firmer, with a fair demand at 53a54c for State and Western.

HOPS.—A fair demand at steady prices. Sales of 30 bales Eastern and Western, crop 1853, at 30a33 cts, and 15 bales new crop, 1854, at 35a40.

PROVISIONS.—The Pork market is firmer, with a better inquiry, both for present and future delivery. Sales of 500 bbls at $14.50a14.62½ for Mess, closing with no sales below $14.62½, and $11.75a11.87½ for Prime. There were also sales of 2,000 bbls in two parcels deliverable within thirty and sixty days, sellers option, at $14.50. Beef in fair demand, and market steady; sales of 300 bbls at $12a11.50 for country Mess, $15 for city do, $15.50a16 for repacked Chicago, and $16.50a17 for extra do. In Prime Mess Beef and Beef Hams there is nothing of moment doing. Cut Meats quiet and firm. Sales of 50 pkgs at 6½a6½c for Shoulders, and 8a9½c for Hams. There is rather more doing in Lard. Sales of 660 bbls at 11a11½c. Small lots at 11½c, and 300 kegs at 11½a11½c. Butter is selling at 14a18c for Ohio, and 20a23c for State. Cheese plenty and dull at 9a10½c.

WHISKEY.—The market is firmer. Sales of 500 bbls at 41a41c for Ohio and Prison. Drudge is held at 42a43c.

MRS. HANNEN, NO. 590 FOURTH STREET, SAYS OF
DR. M'LANE'S
CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE:

New York, May 15, 1852.

☞ A child of mine showing symptoms of worms, I gave it a bottle of Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Vermifuge, which brought away a bunch of worms, numbering, I should judge, about thirty. The child was very sick during the operation, but is now well and hearty.

Mrs. Twist, No. 18 Avenue D, writes under date of August 10, 1852, and says she has been troubled with worms for more than a year, and that she took one bottle of Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Vermifuge, which brought away from her over three hundred worms, big and little. She now believes herself to be entirely free from disease.

Mrs. Buggins, a German woman, residing at 204 Rivington street, says, that after using one vial of M'Lane's Celebrated Vermifuge, she passed two large tape worms.

The above certificates are all from parties well known in this city. If there are any who doubt, they have the names and addresses, and can satisfy themselves by personal inquiry.

P. S. Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Vermifuge, also, his Liver Pills, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in the United States.

☞ Purchasers will please be careful to ask for and take none but Dr. M'Lane's Vermifuge. All others, in comparison, are worthless. 25

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY I. CRAVEN & Co., BROKERS,
No. 32½ South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, September 16 1854.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia Banks	par
U S Bank notes	18 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Middletown	½ dis
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Washington co	½ dis
Honesdale	½ dis
Waynesburg	½ dis
Erie	1 dis
All other sol'nt Bks	par
Relief notes	½al dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Burlington, Medford, Sal'm, Bridgeton, Camd'n, Princeton, Bord'to'n Bkg Co	par
Public Stock Bank, Belvidere,	25 dis
Plainfield	closed
State Bk Morris	do
Coml Bk Perth Amboy	do
Peoples Bk Patterson	do
N Hope Del Bridge Co	do
Yardleyville do	10 dis
New Brunswick	½ dis
Newark	½ dis
Morris co	½ dis
Middletown Point	½ dis
Orange	½ dis
Belvidere	½ dis
Rahway	½ dis
Dover	½ dis
All New Jersey secured by stocks	½ dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent Banks	par
Bk Milford	failed
Under 5's	½ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore Banks	½ dis
Mineral Bk	½ dis
Cecil co	½ dis
Frederick co	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington co	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Salisbury, Havre de Grace, Far & Millers	failed
Far & Mec Bk Kent Co, Md	failed
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent Banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City Banks	par al ½ dis
Solvent co Bks	½ dis
James Bk	25 dis
New Rochelle	30 dis
Far Bk Onondaga	25 dis
Bk of Owego	redeemed
Mer & Man Bk City Oswego	35 dis
Broke—Drovers' Bk, Ogdensburg	30 dis
Bk Carthage	30 dis
MAINE.	
Mercan Bk Bangor	10 dis
All other solv't Bks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE	
All solvent Bks	½ dis

VERMONT.	
Bank of St Albans	½ dis
All solvent Banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent Banks	½ dis
Bk N AmeSeymour	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent Banks	½ dis
Dorchester and Milton stolen notes	no sale
Coch'te Bk Bost	50 dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent Banks	½ dis
Phoenix B'k, Westerly, stolen notes	no sale
CANADA.	
Montreal	1½ dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & brch's	1 dis
Far Bk & brch's	1 dis
Valley Bk & brch's	1 dis
Ex Bk & brch's	½ dis
Wheeling	1 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent Banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA	
All solvent Banks	½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA.	
All solvent Banks	1 dis
Bk St Mary's	55 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bk of Mobile	1½ dis
Country Banks	3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All Banks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent Banks	1½ dis
OHIO.	
Bk of Wooster	90 dis
Bk of Norwalk	90 dis
All solvent Banks	2 dis
Small notes	2 dis
Bk Masillon	failed
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent Banks	2 dis
Small notes	2 dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent Banks	2 dis
Small notes	2 dis
Peru	no sale
Washtenaw	no sale
ILLINOIS.	
Bk of Illinois	30 dis
State Bk do	70 dis
Good Free Bks	1a3 dis
MISSOURI.	
All solvent Banks	1 dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent Banks	2½ dis
Small notes	3 dis
East Tennessee	3 dis
F & M, Memphis	failed
MICHIGAN.	
Gov't Stock Bk	1½ dis
All solvent Banks	2 dis
Erie & Kalamazoo Bank	no sale
ARKANSAS.	
All Banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
All solvent Banks	1½ dis
TEXAS.	
Commercial & Agricultural Bk Galveston	10 pr ct

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots
Of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
Of FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
Of MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
Of J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
Of HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
Of F. HAGAN & Co., Nashville, Tenn.
Of S. W. PEASE, 28 West Sixth St., and 29 East Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

The Public are Cautioned against Persons putting up a mixed gin in jugs, and selling it under the name of Schnapps. That name belongs exclusively to my gin; all others are counterfeit. The genuine has my name on the jug, cork, and label, and a facsimile of my signature on the label.
UDOLPHO WOLFE,
sep16-4t 18 and 20 Beaver Street, New York.

ALMANAC.

August, 1854.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
16 Saturday,	5 52	6 7	9 55	
17 Sunday,	5 53	6 5	10 45	D. H. M.
18 Monday,	5 54	6 4	11 35	Full 6 4 19
19 Tuesday,	5 56	6 2	12 22	Last 14 1 33
20 Wedn'day,	5 57	6 0	12 59	New 22 3 9
21 Thursday,	5 58	5 59	1 36	First 29 7 40
22 Friday,	5 59	5 57	2 14	
23 Saturday,	6 1	5 56	2 56	

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. WILLIAM A. BABCOCK of New Haven, Conn. to Miss ELIZA M. HOWE, of this city.

On the 15th ult. by the Rev. M. Passavant, ALEXANDER WHITE, Esq. son of Hon. Judge White, of Indiana county, Penna. to MARIA L. PARKER, daughter of Eliako Parker, of this city.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev Danl Gaston, Mr. JOSEPH JUDGE, formerly of N. York, to Miss HANNAH BURNS, of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Charles A. Smith, Mr. HIRAM E. MILLER, of Strasburg, Lancaster county, to Miss ELLEN C. daughter of Mr. Jos. C. Boehm, of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. SPENCER NEAL, to Miss MARGARET THOMPSON, both of this city.

On the 4th inst. by Ald. C. Brazer, Mr. JOSEPH THOMAS, to Miss PAULINE CAMPBELL, both of this city.

On the 5th ult. at Carlisle, Pa. by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. WILLIAM P. ATKINSON, to Miss MARY J. LEWIS, both of Philadelphia.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Wm. Urie, CHARLES ROUFF, Jr. to REBECCA E. WHISTLER, of this city.

On the 9th ult. by the Rev. Wm H. Elliott, Mr. J. BORNER SMITH, Esq. of Dover, to Mrs. ANN DAVIDSON, of Philadelphia.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. L. S. TAYLOR, of Sunbury, to Miss TERESA JOSEPHINE KRAEMER, of Cobb's Creek, Haverford Township, Del. county, Pa.

On the 28th ult. by Ald. Geo. Eretty, Mr. JACOB BENNER, to Miss ARABELLA ROBINSON, both of Philadelphia.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Adair, Mr. JOHN L. DAVIS, to Miss LOUISA A. daughter of David R. Green, Esq. all of Philadelphia.

In New York, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. S. H. Cone, D. D., ROBERT B. MORRELL, of Philadelphia, to SALLIE CONE, daughter of the late Jos. P. McCorkle, of Washington, D. C.

In Camden, on the 6th ult. by the Rev. T. Goodwin, Mr. J. WESLEY MARSHALL, of Camden, to Miss CLARA MOORE, of Stockton, N. J.

At St. Peter's Church, Phoenixville, on the 28th ult. by the Revd. Saml. Durborow, Mr. JACOB WELLER, to Miss JULIANNA KLOPFFER, of Wirtemberg, Germany.

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th inst. Mrs. MARY FULLERTON, aged 70.
On the 6th inst. SARAH JULIA, wife of Francis A. Shourds.
On the 5th inst. WILLIAM L. BROWN, aged 52.
On the 5th inst. Mrs. CATHARINE NOLAN, aged 71.
On the 6th inst. DANIEL SANDS, aged 34 years.
On the 6th inst. ELIZABETH PICKERING, aged 65.
On the 6th inst. OSCAR A. LAWSON.
On the 5th inst. JOHN, son of the late Wm. and Sarah Hamer, aged 12 years.
On the 5th inst. WILLIAM CLINTON, aged 38.
On the 5th instant, VIRGINIA M. ALLEN, aged 21 months.
On the 5th inst. JAMES GILKIE, aged 52 years.
On the 5th inst. ANNA MARGARET, daughter of E. C. and Mary A. Gunn, aged 14 months.
On the 5th inst. MARGARET, wife of Wm. J. Sinclair, aged 75 years.
On the 5th instant, Mrs. SARAH, wife of the late Benj. Dickinson, aged 66 years.
On the 6th inst. WILLIAM STEWART, aged 37.
On the 6th inst. AGNES, daughter of Saml. and Elizabeth Walker, aged 3 years and 2 months.
On the 6th inst. GEORGE P. son of John T. and Melissa Hutchinson, aged 15 months.
On the 5th inst. Mr. THOMAS HUTTON, aged 42.
On the 5th inst. Mrs. MARY MILLIGAN, aged 31.
On the 5th inst. Mrs. JANE PINCKNEY, aged 72.
On the 4th inst. Mr. JOHN WAGNER, aged 74.
On the 4th inst. CATHARINE, wife of E. Boyle, aged 72 years.
On the 4th inst. Mr. THOMAS VANCE, aged 39.
On the 3d inst. JOHN MCMENAMIN, aged 17 years.
On the 4th instant, GEORGE WASHINGTON, son of Wm. and Martha Turner, aged 3 years and 6 mos.
On the 2d inst. SAMUEL TENNIS, Sr. aged 81.
On the 4th inst. MARY, daughter of John and Catharine Spigley, aged 13 months.
On the 2d inst. WILSON YOUNG, aged 30 years.
On the 3d inst. Miss ELIZABETH KIBBLE, aged 43 years.
On the 3d inst. Mr. CHRISTIAN MOSTER, aged 72.
On the 2d inst. Mrs. MARTHA RULON, aged 77.
On the 3d inst. Mr. FRANCIS MCBRIDE.
On the 3d inst. Mr. WILLIAM NOBLE, Sr. aged 55.
On the 29th ult. JOSEPH YOUNG, aged 37 years.
On the 27th ult. Mr. JOHN C. HAMEL, aged 65.
On the 26th ult. Mrs. SARAH DRAKE, aged 77.
On the 27th ult. WILLIAM MCAVOY, aged 36.

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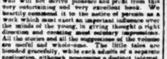

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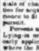

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Fits, Spasms, Cramps, and all Nervous and Constitutional Diseases.
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OR FALLING FITS.
These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system; and, although they are prepared especially for the purpose of curing fits, they will be found of especial benefit for all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or shattered from any cause whatever. In dyspeptic complaints, or diseases of long standing, superinduced by nervousness, they are exceedingly beneficial.

TESTIMONY IN FAVOR
OF THE VEGETABLE
EXTRACT EPILEPTIC PILLS!
In the publication of the following certificates of cures, the names have been suppressed, as the testimonials were voluntarily offered, and it would be improper to publish them without the consent of the parties, and who would be unwilling to publish to the world that they or their children, or friends, ever had Fits, when the circumstance is always regarded as one of the family secrets.

READING, BERKS COUNTY, PA.,
December 26, 1852.
To Seth S. Hance:
DEAR SIR—The Pills my brother bought of you in November, I mean the VEGETABLE EPILEPTIC PILLS, are out, and I got a friend to enclose you five dollars, for which I wish you to send me immediately two boxes more. I have been troubled for many years with FITS, and have tried the skill of many Physicians, but nothing which I have taken appears to have met the requirements of my case so well as your EPILEPTIC PILLS.

ANOTHER CASE OF FITS!
CLARKSBURG, VA.,
November 15, 1852.
To Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.
DEAR SIR—Having been afflicted for some years past with FALLING FITS, I saw your advertisement and determined to give your Pills a trial, and I am happy to say that since I commenced the use of them, I have not had an attack. I believe them to be a first-rate article, for, as I have written to you in a former letter, I was attacked every two weeks, but since I have been using them I have not had an attack.
Yours, respectfully.

LETTER FROM A DRUGGIST.
NEW YORK, Oct. 16, 1852.
DEAR SIR—Please send me two boxes more of your VEGETABLE EPILEPTIC PILLS—the person for whom I procured them is much pleased with their effects. They seem to have the desired effect.

A PERFECT CURE OF EPILEPSY.
PITTSBURG, November 22, 1852.
DEAR SIR—It is now ten months since my wife has had any of those nervous attacks. She thinks she is cured. She has not had any symptoms of the disease for the last nine months. She took your VEGETABLE EXTRACT PILLS for about four months, and discontinued them four months since. Mrs. S. was treated by the best old school Physicians in the State for ten years, then by the best Homœopathic for eighteen months, without a cure. It is to your Vegetable Extract Pills, and with a strict regard to diet, that we ascribe her cure of the most dreadful disease that ever afflicted the human family. I wish every person afflicted with Epilepsy had this medicine, and would give it a thorough trial. It may not cure in all cases, but in this it has performed wonders.

A VERY REMARKABLE CURE.
MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA,
December 27, 1852.
DEAR SIR—I wish to inform you that one of my family has been afflicted with FITS for a number of years, and seeing an advertisement in a newspaper, concerning your VEGETABLE EXTRACT EPILEPTIC PILLS, I came to the conclusion, after trying almost every Physician in my reach, and all having failed in relieving my child of the disease, to send for six boxes of your Pills, which proved an effectual cure for my daughter, who is now about 12 years of age. I think there is no other medicine in use equal to them, and I will be for ever grateful to you for the use of them, for my daughter whom it has cured.
Yours, respectfully.

NERVOUS
AND CONSTITUTIONAL DISEASES.
These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system, and although they are prepared especially for the purpose of curing FITS, they will be found of especial benefit for all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or shattered from any cause whatever; in fact, it is almost impossible to convey an adequate idea of the speedy and almost miraculous results which these Pills effect in the diseased, broken down and prostrated nervous systems. Persons who were, all lassitude, weakness and debility, before their use, at once become robust and full of energy. No matter whether the constitution has been broken down by excess, weak by nature, or debilitated by sickness, their effect on the unstrung and shattered nervous organization is equally certain and apparent. In cases of neuralgia, headache, vertigo, pain in the nerves of the face, and the various train of Nervous Affections, palpitation of the heart, periodical headaches, cold and shivered state of the frame, frequent fits of abstraction, total inability, dislike to society, melancholy, religious mono-mania, heats and flushes of the face on the slightest occasion, a desire that existence should terminate; they will produce a cure in an astonishingly short period of time, and it will also remove depression, excitement, a tendency to blush, restlessness, sleeplessness, incapacity for study or business, loss of memory, confusion, giddiness, blood to the head, mental debility, hysteria, indecision, wretchedness, thoughts of self-destruction, fear of insanity, &c. They will increase and restore the appetite, strengthen the emaciated, renew the health of those who have destroyed it by excesses, and induce continual cheerfulness and equanimity of spirits, and prolong life.

Persons of pale complexion and consumptive habits are restored by the use of a box or two, to BLOOM and VIGOR, changing the skin from a pale, yellow, sickly color to a beautiful FLORID COMPLEXION.

We assure the reader that the utmost reliance may be placed in these Pills, in the cure of the maladies mentioned above, and also of those which follow, viz: Loss of muscular energy, and general prostration, irritability, and all Nervous Affections, indigestion, sluggishness of the Liver, weakness, &c., or any of the consequences of indiscretion, or indulgence, renders it the most valuable remedy ever discovered. In fact, as a remedy for the above complaints, these Pills stand unrivalled and alone. There is no other reliable remedy, or any that has authentically received the sanction of the medical faculty.

In constitutional diseases, the action of these Pills is not less happy and decided. Numerous instances might be mentioned in which persons have inherited dreadful maladies from their infancy, and had endured years of misery and suffering, spent hundreds of dollars, and finally been cured by the use of the Vegetable Extract Pills.

CASE OF NERVOUSNESS AND PROSTRATION.
NEWBERN, N. C., Jan. 1, 1853.
DEAR SIR—My wife has been afflicted for the last seven years with general weakness, prostration, sour stomach, dyspepsia, constipation, extreme nervousness and headache brought on, as I believe, originally, by a severe cold during sickness, which nearly terminated her life. Several Physicians were employed, and a great many medicines, to no purpose. Among the rest were numerous cordials and other medicines advertised for the same purpose as yours. And at last a friend of the family requested me to try your VEGETABLE EXTRACT EPILEPTIC PILLS, which I did, with no hope that it would operate with any better effect than the others, but I rejoice, my dear sir, when I inform you she has not yet taken three boxes, and already enjoys better health than she has for twenty years previous to this date. Constipation, headache, nervousness and dyspepsia are all gone, and I have not the least doubt that they will ultimately restore her to complete health. I shall ever take pains in recommending them to others troubled in like manner, and I also know them to be equally good for FITS, for, as I said before, the friend of mine who recommended them to me, had a little daughter who was cured of Fits by the use of them.

COMPLICATION OF DISEASES.
TRENTON, N. J., Oct. 27, 1852.
DEAR SIR—I have been severely afflicted for a length of time with great PHYSICAL DEBILITY and PROSTRATION of the whole NERVOUS SYSTEM. At times I have fallen in the street by attacks of dizziness in the head, accompanied by ringing in the ears. I also suffered with dyspepsia, sickness at the stomach, and sensations of weakness. Heard that your VEGETABLE EXTRACT EPILEPTIC PILLS were adapted for such complaints, and procured a box, and to my astonishment, before I had used the box, I was like another man; indeed, one half dozen boxes cured me entirely. I have never been so surprised at any result in my life. I consider your medicine a great blessing, and will extend its use as far as lies in my power. You are at liberty to publish this if you choose.

DIMNESS OF VISION AND DEBILITY.
PITTSBURG, Dec. 17, 1852.
DEAR SIR—I enclose you five dollars for two boxes more of your VEGETABLE EXTRACT EPILEPTIC PILLS. I want them for a friend of mine, who has Fits; they have entirely cured me. I was afflicted for many months with pains in the head and dimness of sight, together with great nervous debility; so much, that it was with much difficulty for me to walk or keep about. My digestive organs, also, were much deranged. I used quite a number of remedies, but received little or no benefit until I took your EXTRACT PILLS, which have restored me to more than my usual health, as I am now enjoying better health than I have done for a number of years. I am now 60 years of age. I believe them to be an invaluable medicine, which I recommend to my numerous acquaintances, and they are very large. I hope this hasty sketch may be as much benefit to you as the medicine has been to me.

EDITORIAL EVIDENCE.
The editor of the *American Courier* writes as follows:—"We have examined a number of letters, which may be called certificates, in reference to the cure of this most distressing and terrible disease, as performed by the medicine prepared by Mr. S. S. Hance, of Baltimore, and advertised in detail, in another column of this paper, and can confidently commend it to those who have friends or relatives suffering from Epilepsy, or Falling Fits. The letters invariably speak in the most glowing and grateful terms of the results of the medicine; one from Plymouth, Luzerne county, Pa., ordering a supply, says—'I am much encouraged, as I have not had a fit since I last wrote you.'"
And again:—
"Among all 'the ills that flesh is heir to,' there is perhaps none more distressing than that of Epilepsy. The constant dread of attack, together with the prostrating and terrible nature of the disease, conspire to render a panacea, a desideratum most devoutly to be wished, and such an one it is believed and confidently asserted, will be found in the preparation offered in this paper by Seth S. Hance, Baltimore."

☞ As these Pills are composed of some of the most expensive materials in the Materia Medica, it will be impossible to have them around the country on agency, as common Patent Medicines usually are. But in order to let the afflicted in the most remote parts of the country have a chance to obtain them, they will be sent by mail, FREE OF POSTAGE, to any part of the United States, or any country with which the United States has postal arrangements, on the receipt of a remittance.
PRICES.—Vegetable Extract Epileptic Pills, $3 per box, two boxes for $5, or $24 per dozen.
☞ ALL ORDERS must be addressed, post-paid, to
SETH S. HANCE,
108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.
☞ UNPAID LETTERS not taken from the office.
aug5-3m

Selected Poetry.

THE PROUDEST LADY.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

The Queen is proud on her throne,
And proud are her Maids so fine;
But the proudest lady that ever was known,
Is a little lady of mine.
And oh! she flouts me, she flouts me,
And spurns and scorns and scouts me;
Though I drop on my knee and sue for grace,
And beg and beseech, with the saddest face,
Still ever the same she doubts me.

She is seven, by the calendar—
A lady's almost a child;
But oh! this little lady's by far
The proudest lady of all.
It's her sport and pleasure to flout me,
To spurn and scorn and scout me;
But ah! I've a notion it's naught but play—
And that say what she will and feign what she may,
She can't well do without me!

When she rides on her nag away,
By park and road and river,
In a little hat, so jaunty and gay,
Oh! then she's prouder than ever!
And, oh! what faces, what faces!
What petulant, pert grimaces!
Why the very pony prances and winks,
And tosses his head and plainly thinks
He only apes her airs and graces.

But it haps, like a pleasant tune,
A pleasant mood o'ertakes her;
Oh! then she's sunny as skies of June,
And all her pride forsakes her.
Oh! she dances round me so fairly!
Oh! her laugh rings out so rarely!
Oh! she coaxes and nestles and purrs and prims
In my puzzled face with her two great eyes,
And says, "I love you dearly!"

Oh! the Queen is proud on her throne,
And proud are her Maids so fine;
But the proudest lady that ever was known
Is this little lady of mine.
Good luck! she flouts me, she flouts me,
And spurns and scorns and scouts me;
But oh! I've a notion it's naught but play—
And that say what she will, and feign what she may,
She can't well do without me!

—*London Athenæum.*

Selected Sketch.

AN AFRICAN INTERIOR CAPITAL.

[The following interesting description of a capital in the interior of Africa, is taken from Captain Canot's "Twenty Years of an African Slaver." The work was put into book shape by Brantz Mayer, of Baltimore, our former Charge to Mexico. Captain Canot was a slaver, but, according to Dr. James Hall, a "man of unquestionable integrity."]

Timbo lies on a rolling plain. North of it, a lofty mountain range rises at the distance of ten or fifteen miles, and sweeps eastwardly to the horizon. The landscape which declines from these slopes to the south, is in many places bare: yet fields of plentiful cultivation, groves of cotton-wood, tamarind and oak, thickets of shrubbery, and frequent villages, stud its surface, and impart an air of rural comfort to the picturesque scene.

I soon proposed a gallop with my African kindred over the neighborhood; and, one fine morning, after a plentiful breakfast of stewed fowls, boiled to rags with rice, and seasoned with delicious "palavra sauce," we cantered off to the distant villages. As we approached the first brook, but before the fringe of screening bushes was passed, our cavalcade drew rein abruptly, while Ahmah-de-Bellah cried out "Strangers are coming!" A few moments after as we slowly crossed the stream, I noticed several women couched in the underwood, having fled from the bath. This warning is universally given, and enforced by law, to guard the modesty of the gentler sex.

In half an hour we reached the first suburban village; but fame had preceded us with my character, and as the settlement was cultivated either by serfs or negroes liable to be made so, we found the houses bare. The poor wretches had learned, on the day of my reception, that the principal object of my journey was to obtain slaves, and, of course, they imagined that the only object of my foray in their neighborhood, was to seize the gang and bear it abroad in bondage. Accordingly, we tarried only a few minutes in *Findo*, and dashed off to *Furo*; but here, too, the blacks had been panic-struck, and escaped so hurriedly that they left their pots of rice, vegetables and meat boiling in their sheds. *Furo* was absolutely stripped of inhabitants; the veteran chief of the village did not even remain to do the honors of his affrighted brethren. Ahmah-de-Bellah laughed heartily at the terror I inspired: but I confess I could not help feeling sadly mortified when I found my presence shunned as a pestilence.

The native villages through which I passed on this excursion manifested the great comfort in which the Africans live throughout their prolific land, when unassailed by the desolating wars that are kept up for slave-trade. It was the height of the dry season, when everything was parched by the sun, yet I could trace the outlines of fine plantations, gardens and rice fields. Everywhere I found abundance of peppers, onions, garlic, tomatoes, sweet potatoes, cassava, while tasteful fences were garlanded with immense vines and flowers. Fowls, goats, sheep and oxen, stalked about in innumerable flocks, and from every domicil depended a paper, inscribed with a charm from the Koran to keep off thieves and witches.

My walks through Timbo were promoted by the constant efforts of my entertainers to shield me from intrusive curiosity. Whenever I sallied forth, two townsfolk in authority were sent forward to warn the public that the Furtoo desired to promenade without mob at his heels. These lusty criers stationed themselves at the corners with an iron triangle, which they rattled to call attention to the King's command; and, in a short time the highways were so clear of people, who feared a *bastinado*, that I found my loneliness rather disagreeable than otherwise. Every person I saw shunned me. When I called the children or little girls, they fled from me. My reputation as a slaver in the villages, and the fear of a lash in the town, furnished me much more solitude than is generally agreeable to a sensitive traveller.

Towards night-fall I left my companions, and wrapping myself closely in a Mandingo dress, stole away through bye ways to a brook which runs by the town walls. Thither the females resort at sunset to draw water; and, choosing a screened situation, where I would not be easily observed, I watched, for more than a hour, the graceful children, girls and women of Timbo, as they performed this domestic task of Eastern lands.

I was particularly impressed by the general beauty of the sex, who, in many respects, resemble the Moor rather than the negro. Unaware of a stranger's presence, they came forth as usual in a simple dress which covers their body from waist to knee, and leaves the rest of the figure entirely naked. Group after group gathered together on the brink of the brook, in the slanting sunlight and lengthening shadows of the plain. Some rested on their pitchers and water vessels; some chatted, or leaned on each other gracefully, listening to the chat of friends; some stooped to fill their jars; others lifted the brimming vessels to their sisters' shoulders—while others strode homeward singing, with their charged utensils poised on the head or hand. Their slow, stately, swinging movement under the burden, was grace that might be envied on a Spanish *paseo*. I do not think the forms of these Fullah girls—with their complexions of freshest bronze—are exceeded in symmetry by the women of any other country. There was a slender delicacy of limb, waist, neck, hand, foot and bosom, which seemed to be the type that moulded every one of them. *I saw none of the hanging breast, the flat, expanded nostrils, the swollen lips, and filed-like foreheads*, that characterize the Soosoos and their sisters of the coast. None were deformed, nor marked by traces of disease. I may observe, moreover, that the male Fullahs of Timbo are impressed on my memory by a beauty of form which almost equals that of the women; and, in fact, the only fault I found with them was their minute resemblance to the feminine delicacy of the other sex. They made up, however, in courage, what they lacked in form; for their manly spirits has made them renowned among all the tribes they have so long controlled by distinguished bravery and perseverance.

The patriarchal landscape by the brook, with the Oriental girls over their water jars, and the lowing cattle in the pasture, brought freshly to my mind many a Bible scene I heard my mother read about when I was a boy at home; and I do not know what revolution might have been wrought on my spirit, had I not suddenly become *poetical*! A stately dame passed within twenty feet of my thicket, whose *coiffure* excited my mirth so powerfully that I might have been detected as a spy, had not a bitten lip controlled my laughter. Her ladyship belonged, perhaps, to the "upper ten" of Timbo, whose braids had hitherto been hidden from my eyes by the jealous pagnes they constantly wore in a stranger's presence. In this instance, however, the woman's hood, like that of the younger girls, was unscrewed, so that I had a full view of the stately [illegible]. Her lower limbs were clad in ample folds of blue and white cotton, bundled in an immense mass at the waist, while her long, crisp hair had been combed out to its fullest dimensions and splined with additional wool. The ebony fleece was then separated in strands half an inch in diameter, and plaited all over her skull in a countless number of distinct braids. This quill-like structure was then adorned with amber beads, and copiously anointed with vegetable butter, so that the points gleamed with fire in the setting sunlight, and made her look as if she had donned for a bewitching head-dress a porcupine instead of a "bird of paradise."

My trip to Timbo, I confess, was one of business rather than pleasure or scientific exploration. I did not make a record, at the moment, of my "impressions de voyage," and never thought that, a quarter of a century afterwards, I would feel disposed to chronicle the journey in a book, as an interesting *souvenir* of my early life. Had I supposed that the day would come when I was to turn author, it is likely I might have been more inquisitive; but, being only "a slaver," I found Ahmah, Suliman, Abdulmomen, the Ali-Mami, and all the quality and amusements of Timbo, dull enough, *when my object was achieved*. Still, while I was there, I thought I might as well see all that was visible. I strolled repeatedly through the town. I became excessively familiar with its narrow streets, low houses, mud walls, cul-de-sacs, and mosques. I saw no fine bazaars, market-places, or shops. The chief wants of life were supplied by peddlers. Platters, jars and baskets of fruit, vegetables and meat, were borne around twice or thrice daily. Horsemen dashed about on beautiful steeds towards the fields in the morning, or came home at night-fall at a slower pace. *I never saw man or woman bask lazily in the sun.* Females were constantly busy over their cotton and spinning-wheels when not engaged in household occupations; and often have I seen an elderly dame quietly crouched in her hovel at sunset, reading the Koran. Nor are the men of Timbo less thrifty. Their city wall is said to hem in about ten thousand individuals, representing all the social industries. They weave cotton, work in leather, fabricate iron from the bar, engage diligently in agriculture, and, whenever not laboriously employed, devote themselves to reading and writing, of which they are excessively fond.

INVENTIONS THAT WE WANT.

English mechanics are now suggesting the feasibility of supplying heat to dwelling houses as well as gas, and by the same agency, that is, the circulation of steam or hot water through metal pipes. Doubts have been cast on the possibility of using water or steam to this extent. Condensation of the steam is predicted as certain to occur before it has travelled any distance from the boiler. Some trials, however, seem to dissipate these doubts. A very satisfactory illustration of its feasibility is seen at the Pennsylvania Insane Hospital, near Philadelphia, and the proprietor of an extensive steam saw-mill at Burlington, New Jersey, has successfully conducted the waste steam from his engine through metal pipes laid under ground, a distance of some 900 feet, into his dwelling house, where it performs all the important parts of washing, boiling, and diffusing a gentle and equable temperature in every room into which the pipes are introduced. An objection is found, however, to the unsightly appearance presented by a succession of dark colored pipes extending round the walls of a parlor, for which no suitable remedy presents itself, as heating pipes to be serviceable, must necessarily be exposed. True, the figure of the pipe might be changed, and a flat tube substituted, thus presenting a greater radiating surface, and to some extent resembling the ordinary washboard. The experiment would be worth trying. Great blocks of houses occurring so frequently in our large cities, offer the most favorable opportunity for testing its value. Indeed the probability is that a single block could be advantageously heated from a single boiler, thus saving a large outlay for a fire in each house, besides the risk and danger, and some portion of the present high charges for insurance.

The supply of Gas for our large cities is now worth looking into. In London the quantity consumed is four billions of cubic feet annually. Quality, however, not only there but in the United States, does not keep up with quantity. The Corporation of London have ordered an investigation of this subject, and the result has developed some facts not heretofore suspected by the public to exist. Great impurities are found in the gas, rendering it exceedingly injurious alike to house, health and atmosphere, and manifestly in need of improvement. In Paris the same subject has been recently taken up, and the commission appointed to examine it express astonishment in their report to the Academie. They remark, that while we see every day with what minute care numberless articles of merchandise are weighed or measured, many of them of great bulk and little value, yet consumers of gas are content to measure only the volume received, and not its quality; when, as is well known, accidents or fraud in the manufacture, or admixture of atmospheric air, will cause a loss of from 20 to 50 per cent. in the illuminating power. This is taking a new view of the point at issue, but a correct one. The commission consequently recommend that gas should be purchased by its light-giving power, not by quantity. But there is another point in connection with the subject which deserves attention by American inventors. We need a burner which shall regulate the flow of gas at the jet, and effectually prevent the escape of any gas without perfect combustion. A heavy pressure is always put on by the gas companies, causing nearly one-half of the whole quantity to pass off unconsumed. Their business is to *sell* gas, ours to purchase it, but not any more than we can use. Yet under the present arrangement of gas apparatus, we are entirely at the mercy of the companies who sell it. In one of our large cities, after the price had been considerably reduced, every consumer who compared his bills discovered that notwithstanding the reduction, his bill was larger than before the reduction took place. Each consumer may place some check on this effort to compel him to pay for more gas than he consumes, by shutting off the head at the meter. But this is a troublesome affair to most housekeepers. Besides, the cock at the meter is so constructed that it cannot be turned by hand. Nothing short of wrench or pincers will move it; and as regularly as the company's agent visits the premises, he as regularly turns on the whole head of gas. A systematic formula appears to prevail everywhere, whose whole object is to compel the consumption of an extravagant quantity. A remedy for this condition of things is greatly needed, and he who can produce a cheap and effectual one will be a public benefactor, and will certainly enrich himself.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"A TIME TO DANCE."

The following is from a missionary sheet—the "Cavalla Messenger"—published at Cavalla, West Africa:

The Africans hold that there is such a time as this to be observed, not by individuals only, as Solomon meant, but by communities. And the season set apart for this purpose is that which comes immediately after harvest.

It is a time of universal rejoicing. It commences by each individual husbandman presenting to the Kwi (spirits of departed friends, or demons) the first fruits of the earth. After the rice has been stored, and while this is being done, in the evening of every day may be heard in the houses or yards the merry sound of one or more drums, and groups of children or young people may be seen dancing to them. In a short time the public dances begin.

The men and women dance separately, never together, the men taking their turn first. Dressed in the finest clothes, with ivory rings on their arms, and ornaments of various sorts in their hands, they begin to dance near the music, and then file off around the oblong, irregular open space, enclosed by the promiscuous crowd of spectators who cheer or hiss the performers as they merit. They keep perfect time.

The men dance for about a month, when the women begin, and enjoy themselves about the same length of time.

Some eight or ten drums are collected together under a large shady tree in an open space near the centre of the town. These drums are made of the trunks of trees hollowed out, and covered at one end with a goat or sheep-skin. They vary from three to six feet in length. The largest may be heard several miles, and when all are beaten together, they make for the African most exciting music.

At the beginning of the season the dance begins about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and continues until 5, which is the hour for dinner. But as the season advances it is not unusual to dance in the morning and again at night.

Nothing can exceed the excitement and revelry of this season. As the tumultuous sound of voices and drums is swept over the town, and far away by the breeze, groups of women and children may be seen keeping time to the music. Even those engaged in pounding rice adapt the motions of their bodies and limbs to inspiring sounds which fall upon the ear. For once, at least, in the year, all quarrels and palavers appear to give place to good will and kindly intercourse.

Wit and Humor.

NOT A CARICATURE.

The Courier des Etats Unis thus hits off the course of examination allowed in the Walker divorce trial, lately pending in New York, and whose interminable length was an intolerable bore:

At one time one of the counsel rises in the midst of an unimportant examination, and fixing on the witness a triumphant and humbling look, questions him after the following manner:

"When five years since you saw, as you say, Mr. X—— pass his arm around the waist of Mrs. W——, the plaintiff, did you wear new boots, or did you have on boots which had been mended? Be careful what you say: consider before you answer."

But the counsel for the opposite party rises in turn—his eyes flashing with indignation. He forbids the witness to answer the question, for his boots had nothing to do with the subject of the suit. A learned and lengthy discussion ensues. One supports his arguments with Blackstone; the other relies on Kent, and recent American decisions. Both sides get heated; the whole audience is excited; no doubt the life, or at any rate the honor of the accused, depends upon the boots worn by the witness. In the meantime the Court adjourns, and for an hour or two you may see groups lingering about the corridors of the City Hall, discussing earnestly the question of the immortal boots. At last the Court re-opens, and each one takes his place. In the meantime the witness, fixed in his seat, mute and immovable, has become the target for all eyes, which are eagerly and wonderingly directed towards him. It has now come to the Judge's turn to speak.

"If the question merely regarded such or such boots, undoubtedly it would be a very tyrannical stretch of authority to force the witness to answer; but inasmuch as it was a question concerning boots worn under such and such circumstances, in view of such and such precedents, and on consulting such and such authorities, and whereas article 2nd of such a statue places the witness unreservedly in the hands of counsel, the Court is of opinion, and decides, that the witness must answer the question proposed to him."

Each one of the spectators holds his breath, and raises up on the points of his toes to hear the answer. A dead silence reigns through the Court-room. The plaintiff becomes pale; the jury look more and more serious; one of the lawyers bites his lips with anger, while his adversary smiles slightly. The Judge is as dignified and impassible as the law. The crier calls "Silence!" At last, in a distinct voice, the witness answers—

"I did not wear boots at all on that occasion—I wore shoes!"

All breathed freely again, and they pass to another deposition.

Determined to Have a Gal.—The following incident, says the Rochester American, illustrative of an entirely original manifestation, of an "inquiring mind," occurred in one of our city Catholic churches on Sunday last, and presents too unique a feature to be allowed to escape the publicity of newspaperdom:

The services had already commenced, when might be seen a tall, carnivorous specimen of "down-east" humanity, hitching his team to the nearest post; that accomplished, with hurried steps he makes his way into the church, his hat—none of the best—defiantly holds its place on his cranium; a huge stick, as crooked as the "old serpent," is held with a firm grasp under his arm; and Jonathan, as he paces down the aisle, is evidently on the look-out for the double purpose of business and a pew. By this time the whole congregation was gazing at the stranger, but, nothing daunted, he opens a pew door, and seats himself beside two ladies, who happened to be the only occupants of said pew, when, after drawing a long breath or two, he unburdens his soul as follows:

"Say," at the same time giving the nearest lady a nudge and a significant look—"any gals here wants places? Want a good 'un—one that can wash, iron, cook, and do general house fixins,—two dollars a week."

The response to this appeal, as might be supposed, was entirely negative in its results; but our Yankee friend was not going to "give it up so," and hence he dodged into another pew, propitiously sprinkled with the feminine gender, and repeats the same story, and with the same results. Nothing daunted, however, he has evidently made up his mind that it is not "unlawful to do good on the Sabbath day," and he is determined to accomplish, at least, some temporal benefit on some of the worshippers there assembled; so, standing erect in the aisle, with the aforesaid stick tightly hugged under his arm, but, by this time, hat in hand, he proceeds to answer,—in a stentorian voice that could be heard in every part of the house—the question that was evidently agitating the breast of every one then and there assembled.

"I'm come here to get a gal—a first rate 'un—one that can wash, iron, cook, and do up brown all kinds of fixens 'round a house; and I'll give two dollars a week—team's outside now ready."

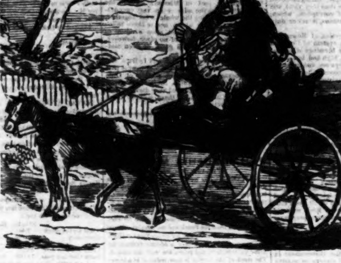
It is, perhaps, needless to say that the effect of his speech was electrical on all—congregation, priest, officials, and Jonathan; for "without any further ceremony" the latter personage was rather roughly caused to make a rapid exit, with the broad intimation that he had "mistaken his calling," or at least had mistaken the building, for that was not an "Intelligence Office."

Mrs. Partington on the "Tainted Field."—"Did the guard present arms to you, Mrs. Partington?" asked the commissary, as he met her at the opening of the marquee. "You mean the century?" said she, smiling. "I have heard so much about the tainted field, that I believe I would deplore an attachment into line myself and manure them as well as an officer." The commissary presented a hard wood stool, upon which she reposed herself. "This is one of the seats of war, I suppose?" said she. "Oh, what a hard lot a soldier is objective to! and I don't wonder a mite at the hardening influences of a soldier's life. What is that for?" asked she, as the noise of a cannon saluted her ear, "I hope they ain't firing on my account." There was solicitude in her tone as she spoke, and she was informed that it was only the Governor, who had just arrived upon the field. "Dear me!" said she, "how cruel it is to make the old gentleman come away down here, when he is so feeble he has to take his staff with him wherever he goes." She was so affected at the idea that she had to take a few drops of white wine to restore her equilibrium, and to counteract the dart of the "tainted field." A brave entertainment was here, and as she reviewed the troops many a sword gleamed its tribute, many a banner bowed to salute, many a white plume nodded to the relict of the great corporal. The Governor thought it was all for him. *Perhaps it was.*—*Boston Post.*

Barnum's First Speculation.—Barnum gives the following: "My mother had given me a dollar before I left home, and I never expected to see the end of it. I supposed it would supply my every wish, and yet leave unknown quantities of change on hand. The first outlay I made was for oranges. I was a great lover of this fruit, and had often wished I could have as many as I could eat. I entered a confectionary store, and inquired the price of oranges. 'Four cents a piece,' was the reply. Now 'fourpence' in Connecticut is six cents, and I supposed it was the same the world over. With my great propensity for 'beating down' the price, and an ardent belief in Franklin's proverb, that 'a penny saved is a twopence earned,' I informed the lady that 'I considered fourpence a-piece too dear, but would give her ten cents for two.' The female shopkeeper hesitated for a moment, but finally said that 'seeing it was me,' and it was probably my first visit to New York, she would let me have the two oranges for ten cents. I thanked her, and took the oranges. I thought it was very liberal in her thus to deduct two cents from the price of her fruit, little dreaming that owing to the difference in currency, I was paying her two cents more than she asked.

Mutton-Chops and Whiskers.—The London Quarterly attributes the origin of the national English whisker to the national English mutton-chop: "A mutton-chop suggested the form of a substantial British whisker. Out of this simple form countless varieties have arisen; one has whiskers turned into the corners of his mouth, as if he were holding them up with his teeth; the second has wandered into the middle of his cheek, and there stopped, as though it did not know where to go, like a youth who has ventured out into the middle of a ball-room with all eyes upon him; another twists the contrary way, under the owner's ears; another, with a vast Pacific of a face, has little whiskers, which seem to have stopped short after two inches of voyage, as though aghast at the prospect of having to turn such a Cape Horn of a chin. We perceive coming a tremendous pair, running over his shirt collar, in luxuriant profusion; yet we see, as the Colonel or General takes off his hat to a lady, that he is quite bald—these whiskers are in fact, no thing but a tremendous land slip from the denuded head."

Country Scenes.



"Now then, young gen'l'man, we can't expect the pony to drag us both up such a hill as this, and as your legs are younger than mine, you'd better get out and walk."

Lord Mansfield and His Coachman.—The following is an anecdote of the late Lord Mansfield, which his lordship himself told from the bench:

He had turned off his coachman for certain acts of peculation, not uncommon in this class of persons. The fellow begged his lordship to give him a character.

"What kind of a character can I give you?" says his lordship.

"Oh, my lord, any character your lordship pleases to give me, I shall most thankfully receive."

His lordship accordingly sat down, and wrote as follows:

"The bearer, John ———, has served me three years in the capacity of coachman. He is an able driver, and a very sober man; I discharged him because he cheated me.

"Signed MANSFIELD."

John thanked his lordship, and went off. A few mornings afterwards, when his lordship was going through his lobby to step into his coach for Westminster Hall, a man in a very handsome livery, made him a low bow. To his surprise, he recognized his late coachman.

"Why, John," says his lordship, "you seem to have got an excellent place; how could you manage this with the character I gave you?"

"Oh, my lord," says John, "it was an exceeding good character, and I am come to return you thanks for it; my new master, on reading it, said he observed your lordship recommended me as an able driver and a sober man. 'These,' says he, 'are just the qualities I want in a coachman; I observe his lordship adds he discharged you because you cheated him. Hark you, sirrah,' says he, 'I'm a Yorkshireman, and I'll defy you to cheat me.'"

Selected Articles.

A RUSSIAN PRINCESS IN EXILE.

The Prince Troubetskoi was condemned as a convict to hard labor fourteen years ago. He was at that time young, and had taken a very active part in the revolt of the fourteenth of December.

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The revolution thus crushed, it was necessary to proceed to the punishment of the guilty. The Prince Troubetskoi, one of the most deeply implicated, unable to exculpate himself, was sentenced to labor in the Oural mines for fourteen or fifteen years, and for the remainder of his life was exiled to Siberia, among one of those distant colonies that malefactors are destined to people.

The prince had a wife whose family was among the most distinguished in the land. This lady could not be dissuaded from following her husband to his tomb. "It is my duty," she said, "and I will fulfil it; no human power has a right to separate a wife from her husband; I will share the fate of mine."

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From the fear, then, of exasperating certain influential families, the government yielded to a kind of prudent compassion. The princess departed with her husband, the convict, and, which is extraordinary, she reached her destination. The journey was alone a frightful trial: hundreds, thousands of leagues in a telega, a little open cart without springs, over roads that break both carriages and human bones. The unhappy woman supported these, and many other hardships and privations, which I shall not describe for want of precise details; for I wish to add nothing to the strict truth of this narration.

Her conduct will appear the more heroic when it is known that, until the husband's ruin, the married pair had lived somewhat coldly together. But is not a fervent devotion a substitute for love? Or rather, is it not love itself? Love flows from many sources, and of these, self-sacrifice is the most abundant.

They had never had children at Petersburg; they had five in Siberia.

This man, rendered glorious by the generosity of his wife, became a superior being in the eyes of all who approached him. Who indeed would not venerate the object of an affection so sacred?

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The husband and wife have lived for fourteen years by the side, so to speak, of the Oural mines; for the arms of a laborer like the prince are little suited to the work of the pickaxe. He was there for the sake of being there, and that is all; but he was a convict, and we shall soon see to what this condition condemns a man—*and his children!*

There is no lack of good Russians in Petersburg; and I have met some who view the life of the convicts at the mines as very bearable, and who complain of the exaggeration with which the *modern makers of fine speeches* describe the sufferings of the traitors in the Oural mountains. They own that they are not allowed to receive money, but their relations are suffered to send them provisions. Provisions! there are few that could be forwarded so great a distance, without being rendered unfit for use. But the courtiers of the executioner always find the punishment too merciful for the crime.

However great may be the luxuries of life in Siberia, the health of the Princess Troubetskoi is injured by her sojourn at the mines. It is difficult to understand how a woman accustomed to all the delicacies of life in the highest ranks of a luxurious capital, has been able so long to support the privations of every kind to which she has voluntarily submitted. She wished to live, she did live—she even gave life; she reared her offspring under a zone where the length and the rigor of Winter is inimical to existence. The thermometer falls there, yearly, to a temperature that might alone suffice to destroy the human race. But this saintlike woman had other cares to think of.

At the conclusion of seven years of exile, as she saw her infants growing around her, she thought it her duty to write to one of her family to beg that they would humbly supplicate the Emperor to suffer them to be sent to Petersburg, or to some other civilized city, in order to receive a suitable education.

The petition was laid at the foot of the Czar, and the worthy successor of the Ivans and of Peter I. answered that the children of a convict—convicts themselves—would always be sufficiently learned!

After the above answer, the family—the mother and the condemned man—were silent for seven more weary years. Humanity, honor, Christian charity, outraged religion, alone pleaded in their favor; but this was done silently; not a voice was raised to appeal against *such justice*. Nevertheless, a renewal of misery has now called forth a last cry from the depths of this abyss.

The prince has completed his term of labor in the mines, and now the exiles, liberated, as they call it, are condemned to form, they and their young family, a colony in the most remote corner of the desert. The locality of their new residence, *designedly* chosen by the Emperor himself, is so wild that the name of that howling wilderness is not even yet marked on the ordnance maps of Russia, the most exact and minute geographical maps that exist.

It will be easily understood that the condition of the princess (I name her only) is more wretched since she has been permitted to inhabit this solitude. It should be observed that in the language of the oppressed, as interpreted by the oppression, permissions are obligatory. At the mines she could find warmth in the bosom of the earth, her family had companions in misfortune, silent consolers, admiring witnesses of her heroism. The human eye contemplated and respectfully deplored her martyrdom, a circumstance which, externally, rendered it the more sublime. Hearts beat in her presence—in short, without having even to speak, she felt herself in society; for let governments do their worst, pity will still spring to life wherever there are men. But what hope can there be of awakening the sympathy of bears, or of melting eternal ices, amid impenetrable woods, or marshes that have no bounds? What means can there be found of excluding the mortal cold from a hovel?—and how is subsistence for five children to be obtained a hundred leagues, perhaps more, from any human abode, unless it be that of the superintendent of the colonies?—for this is called colonizing in Siberia?

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At present, this father and mother abandoned in the desert, without physical powers, stript of every aid, lost to their fellow men, punished in their children, whose innocence only serves to aggravate their anguish, know not how to provide food for themselves and their little ones. These young convicts by birth, these pariahs of the Imperial realm, if they have no longer a country, no longer a position in the community, have yet bodies that need food and raiment. A mother, whatever dignity, whatever elevation of soul she may possess, could she see the fruit of her body perish rather than supplicate a pardon? No; she again humbled herself, and this time it was not through Christian virtue; the lofty woman was conquered by the despairing mother. She saw her children ill, and had nothing wherewith to administer to their wants. In this extreme misery, her husband, his heart withered by his misfortune, left her to act according to her impulse, and the princess wrote a second letter from her hut of exile. The letter was addressed to her family, but meant for the Emperor. This was to place herself at the feet of her enemy, to forget what she owed to herself; but who would think the less of her for so doing? God calls His elect to every species of sacrifice, even to the sacrifice of the most legitimate pride. The man who would understand life without recognising eternity, can only have seen the things of this world on their sunny side; he must have lived on illusions, as they would have me do in Russia. The letter of the princess has reached its destination, the Emperor has read it; and it was to communicate to me this letter that I was stopped at the moment of my departure. I cannot regret the delay. I have never read anything more simple and touching. Actions like the writer's can dispense with words; she uses her privilege as a heroine, and is laconic, even when imploring the life of her children. In a few lines, she states her situation, without declamation and without complaint; she concludes by imploring this single favor—the permission to live within reach of an apothecary, in order to be able to get some medicine for her children when they are ill. The environs of Tobolsk, of Irkutsk, or of Orenburg, would appear to her paradise! In the concluding words of her letter, she ceases addressing herself to the Emperor, she forgets everything except her husband. With a feeling and a dignity which would merit the pardon of the worst crime, and she is innocent of any, "I am very miserable," she says; "but where it to come over again, I should do as I have done."

There was in the family of this woman an individual bold enough to dare to carry her letter to the Emperor, and even to support with an humble petition the request of a disgraced relative. He spoke only of that relative as a criminal, although, before any other being but the Emperor of Russia, a man would have gloried in avowing his relationship with so noble a victim of conjugal duty. Well! after fourteen years of continued vengeance, continued but now glutted—(how can I moderate my indignation? to use gentler terms in recounting such facts, would be to betray a sacred cause; let the Russians object against them if they dare; I would rather fail in respect to despotism than to misfortune. They will crush me if they can; but, at least, Europe shall know that a man to whom sixty millions of men never cease saying that he is omnipotent, revenges himself! Yes, revenge is the proper name for such a justice!) after fourteen years, then, of vengeance, this woman, whose misery has been ennobled by so much heroism, obtained from the Emperor Nicholas, no other answer than the following: "I am astonished that any one again dares to speak to me (twice in fifteen years!) of a family, the head of which has conspired against me!" The reader may doubt this answer—I could do so myself and nevertheless I have clear proof of its truth.

The relations of the exiles, the Troubetskoi, a powerful family, live at Petersburg, and they attend the court! Such is the spirit, the dignity, the independence of the Russian aristocracy! In this empire of violence, fear justifies everything—nay more, it is the only merit that is sure to receive reward.—*De Custine's "Russia."*

Hints to Writers.—Many legible writers are frequently careless in the matter of proper names and unusual or obsolete words. These should always be written with the utmost distinctness, with every letter properly formed, as the context, for the most part, affords no helps for deciphering them when illegible. The consequence of in attention to this duty is visible in half the books, and still more of the periodicals, which we take up from time to time. The same remark applies to quotations in other languages, which one rarely sees perfectly correct as to orthography or accent.

Let me be allowed to commend these hints and suggestions to young authors. If they should succeed in their vocation, and attain a world-wide celebrity, they can indulge in what whims of penmanship they choose, and may sign their names, as many a noble lord and eminent lawyer does at the present hour, without using a single one of the letters that go to spell it. Strange that the height of refinement should produce in this respect the same effect as the depth of ignorance. The end of all writing, however, is reading; and we have shown the candidates for literary reward that one of the surest steps towards being read in print is to be readily readable in manuscript—always supposing, however—let not that be forgotten—that truth, beauty or goodness, in some shape or other, be the burden of their compositions.—*From the Leisure Hour.*

A Woman's Magnanimity.—A miller's dog broke his chain; the miller ordered the maid servant to tie him up again. She was attacked and bitten by the dog. On hearing her cries, the miller and his people ran to her assistance. "Keep off!" said she, shutting the yard door, "the dog is mad. I am already bitten, and must chain him up alone." Notwithstanding his biting, she did not let him go, but chained him up, and then retired to her chamber, and with the noblest resignation, prepared herself to die. Symptoms of hydrophobia soon broke out; and she died in a few days. The dog was killed without doing any further mischief.

For the Young.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Q. The hooked top of walking-sticks is made by *boiling* the end of the stick, and then bending it into an arch. Why is a stick made *flexible by boiling?*

A. Wood contains many substances *soluble* in hot water, as starch, sugar, gum, etc., and several others which are *softened* by it; as, therefore, several substances are *dissolved*, and others *softened* by boiling water, the *stick* is rendered flexible.

Cellular fibre and woody matter, when boiled in water, become soft and gelatinous.

Q. Why does the *sun* or *fire warp wood?*

A. Because heat draws out the moisture from that part of the wood which faces it, and causes the heated surface to *shrink*; as, therefore, the heated surface of the wood shrinks, and is smaller than the *other* surface, it draws it into a curve, and the wood is warped.

Q. If you scrape a slip of paper with a knife, why will the paper *curl?*

A. Because the under surface of the paper is *contracted* by scraping, which brings the particles closer together; this contraction of the under surface bends the slip of paper into a curl or arch.

Q. Why do *plants* which are kept at a window *bend* toward the *glass?*

A. Because the side *away* from the light *grows faster*, than the side *facing* the light, and pushes the top of the plant over in a curve.

Woody tissue is deposited in the stem, most abundantly on the side *nearest the light*: and where wood is formed most, growth is slowest, because the part is less succulent.

Wood is *warped* by the fire, because the *under* surface is smaller than the upper;

And paper is made to curl by scraping the under surface with a knife for the same reason.

Q. When a *candle is blown out*, whence arises the *offensive odor?*

A. The tallow distils a substance in the smoke, called *acryle*; which has a very offensive smell.

"Acryle," from two Greek words (akro-ule), the basis, or principle of a wick or end, that is, the *odor* which issues from a wick-end after it has been blown out.

Q. If a *silver spoon*, which has been tarnished by an *egg*, be rubbed with a little *salt*, why will the tarnish disappear?

A. The tarnish in this case is *sulphuret of silver*, produced by the sulphur of the egg combining with the silver spoon. Salt acts upon this sulphuret of silver; thus—

The sodium of the salt combines with the sulphur, and produces sulphate of soda. The sulphur being thus taken away from the silver, the tarnish disappears.

"Sulphate of silver," that is, sulphur in combination with silver.

Common salt is a compound of the metal called sodium, and the gas called chlorine.

"Sulphate of soda" is a combination of sulphuric acid and soda.

Q. Why does a *black hat* turn *red* at the sea-side?

A. Because the *muriatic acid* of the sea water disturbs the *gallic acid* of the black dye, and turns it red.

Q. What is an excellent remedy against *rats* and *mice?*

A. Sulphuretted hydrogen. All that is necessary, is to introduce the beak of a retort into a rat-hole, while sulphuretted hydrogen is being given off. It will destroy the *rats*, and make the hole unfit for others to frequent.

Sulphuretted hydrogen is made thus: Put into a retort or glass bottle, a quantity of sulphuret of iron, prepared by *heating a rod of iron red hot*, bring it in contact with a roll of sulpher,—this will form sulphuret of iron, which let drop into water; pour over it a small portion of water, and then add an equal quantity of sulphuric acid; sulphuretted hydrogen will be given off most copiously.

Q. Why are *hams* preserved by *smoking* them?

A. Because the smoke of a wood fire contains creosote, which is a great preservative of all animal substances.—*From "Familiar Science," edited by R. E. Peterson.*

For Housekeepers.

Rock Cakes.—Mix together one pound of flour; half a pound of sugar; half a pound of butter; half a pound of currants or cherries, and four eggs, leaving out the whites of two; a little wine and candied lemon-peel are a great improvement.

Baked Almond Pudding.—Blanch one-half pound of almonds; beat them smooth in a mortar; one spoonful of rose-water; one of cream or milk, thickened with one large spoonful of pounded biscuit; one-half pound of sugar; seven eggs, and one nutmeg.

Potato Pudding.—One pound of potatoes; one gill of wine; one gill of cream; seven eggs; the juice and peel of two lemons; one-quarter pound of butter; sugar to your taste. Strew over the top an ounce of citron, shred fine.

Baked Milk for Consumptive Persons.—Put half a gallon of milk into a jar, tie it down with writing-paper, and, after the bread is drawn, let it stand all night in the oven; the next morning it will be the thickness of cream, and may be drank as occasion requires.

Jumbles.—Take one pound of loaf sugar, pounded fine; one pound and a quarter of flour; three-quarters of a pound of butter; four eggs, beaten light, and a little rose-water and spice; mix them well, and roll them in sugar.

Gingerbread.—Mix together three and a half pounds of flour; three quarters of a pound of butter; one pound of sugar; one pint of molasses; a quarter of a pound of ginger, and some ground orange peel.

Barley-Water with Honey.—Add the juice and rind of one lemon to one tablespoonful of honey, and two teacupfuls of barley; put it into a jug, and pour a quart of boiling water upon it.

Ginger Snaps.—Beat together half a pound of butter and half a pound of sugar; mix with them half a pint of molasses, half a teacupful of ginger, and one pound and a half of flour.

Cup Cakes.—Mix together five cups of flour; three cups of sugar; one cup of butter; one cup of milk; three eggs, well beaten; one wine-glass of wine; one of brandy, and a little cinnamon.

Sting of a Bee.—Apply saleratus wet. It is an excellent cure. This fact should be remembered when the stinging season is here.

Substitute for Cream.—If you have not cream for coffee, it is a very great improvement to boil your milk, and use it while hot.

Tamarinds or Cranberry Juice, with double the quantity of water, form a pleasant drink for an invalid when approaching convalescence.

Refinement.—Those who rail at poetry and refinement as superfluous ingredients in every-day happiness, little know what main props they seek to undermine. These will abide when even principles were. Manly delicacy is as necessary in family life as manly rectitude; and womanly tact as womanly virtue. There is as much happiness wrecked from the absence of the one as from the absence of the other. Those who neglect the varnishes of life, commit an injustice toward themselves.

Agricultural.

Soaping Trees.—It is reported, that N. P. Willis, is likely to lose his life by having submitted to the medical operation of being encased in a covering of soap, and I am quite prepared to believe that his present dangerous symptoms have been occasioned by such unnatural treatment. Ah, I can term it unnatural and preposterous now, but hitherto, and nearly up to the present time have I been an advocate strong in deed, for the soaping of trees and plants, both leaves and stems, with the view of rendering them service, but my eyes are open to the fact, that all such applications, unless washed clean away and immediately afterwards, are really poisonous, and that plants and trees thus treated for any length of time, will never recover their former health, becoming bark-bound so as to split open in the stems, by which the specific juice will be found to exude oftentimes in the state of gum, when the wounds will be soon filled with animalcule to feed upon it—and so on, while the leaves will crack, become yellow, decay and drop, as I have at this moment numerous instances before me to show.

Two years ago, and a little more—for it was in early spring—I tried my hand on a plum-tree, say four or five inches in diameter, by covering the bark of the stem, and as high up as I could reach, with strong soap lather, working it in with a house scrubbing brush, and letting it dry in, when, finding the bark to shine, and to have become a beautiful bright color, I repeated the dose again and again, believing that the tree could not have too much of so good a thing. The tree came full into bloom, but soon after, I discovered a singular cast of color on the young foliage, and not one plum, where there used to be very many; while during the summer, innumerable black knots made their appearance on the young shoots, and the leaves fell prematurely in the autumn. The tree blossomed very sparingly and sickly this spring, while the black warts have taken possession of every twig in every part, many of them of oblong shape and an inch in diameter, while the bark of the stem has grown black, and is splitting in all directions, through which openings the gum is exuding and falling in large drops on the ground, and not a single fruit to bless myself! And then, my choice plants in pots have been ruined, absolutely ruined, by practicing the same injurious treatment; camellias, daphnes, oleanders, fuchsias, &c., casting their yellow leaves, and foreboding a destruction inevitable; not a plant amongst them having acquired the eighth of an inch in circumferential growth these two years past, or bringing a single blossom into perfect growth, the *attempts* being attended by a shortness of life absolutely pitiable to behold; the oleanders at this time exhibiting a single bloom amongst spears of buds containing dozens in number, and the throwing off the remainder so as to cover the ground under them with abortions in the shape of beautiful small red buds, each of which, but for the accursed soap-bethings would have been a blossom the size of half one's hand! And the most vexatious part of the business is, that I have continued this most pernicious practice for two seasons, in utter ignorance of the natural consequences; a superabundance of alkali being as pernicious to the well being of a tree or shrub or plant crop as acid in excess would be, but who has told us so before? But, let me observe, I still find it necessary to cleanse the leaves and stalks of my plants when they require it, and nothing answers the purpose so well and effectually as soap and water, but trust me for permitting it to remain on for a single minute longer than necessary? a large sponge with warm rain-water follows; and thus I find myself shutting the stable-door after the steed is stolen, but I find that

"No drizzling rain that falls on me,
Can wash my faults away!"

—*Boston Cultivator.* C. D.

Wheat Culture.—Mr. E. Sherman, of Searsville, writes to the American Agriculturist, on this subject, as follows:

"It is the custom among us to sow wheat after oats. The ground usually among good farmers is twice ploughed, before sowing. By some the manure is carted out before the ground is ploughed, left in small heaps, and immediately scattered, while others think it much better not to draw the manure until the ground is cross ploughed. The latter commence ploughing with one team the farthest side from the entrance, and with another draw the manure and scatter it broad cast from the cart. About fifteen loads are applied to the acre, which is a fair dressing. Each day the cultivator is run over it in order to keep the sun from injuring the good effects. The latter course I deem to be far preferable. You can manure double the amount of land with the same quantity, because it is nearer the surface, and takes effect immediately, in the case of wheat and rye, while most of that ploughed under goes too deep for the roots of wheat to penetrate. Our time of sowing wheat is about the middle of September. We sow about two bushels to the acre. It is a good plan to prepare the seed by making a brine which will bear up the drip and shrunk wheat to the surface, and then skim them off, having stirred it first. If you do not sow drip, and your land is free from it, I will assure you, if you have no wheat, you will not say it has turned to chess. We sow the variety called among us the Mediterranean. We have been in the habit of sowing, in part the Soule variety, but of late it has failed in many cases. It is the opinion of many among us, that we should change the seed often, but I should not recommend to change the variety. I tried an experiment of that nature three years ago. I sowed plots, side by side, of the standard varieties, ten in number. I procured the seed of the best samples, bringing it direct from Genesee county at the time the State Fair was held there. Of the ten varieties, only three proved to be worth sowing in our climate—the Soule, and the large berry with white chaff, which was on exhibition from Canada, and the Mediterranean, which is our standard wheat. The experiment has been worth something to me, for I immediately abandoned the varieties that could not stand our climate."

Keeping Sweet Potatoes.—George D. Norris, of New Market, in the northern part of Alabama, and within a few miles of the Tennessee line, where the thermometer sometimes sinks to zero, and again soon rises so as to render fire uncomfortable, has been for many years past very successful in keeping the sweet potato. He expresses the opinion, in the Farmer's Companion, that sweet potatoes may be kept as well at the north as at the south. He does not usually lose over a peck in 400 bushels.

His method is in substance as follows: Provide a good open shed, on a dry, well-drained piece of ground, around which a good trench is cut. As soon as the autumnal frosts have killed the leaves, *carefully* dig the potatoes, handling them as if eggs, and make piles of them under the shed, each pile containing say 10 or 20 bushels. The separate piles are for the sake of removing a portion as wanted, during warm weather in winter, without disturbing the rest. Immediately cover each pile thickly with good *wheat straw* (not hay,) as light injures them, and the straw with a foot of earth. The shed keeps the whole dry. This is the whole process. It is found much better than packing in barrels with sand, which retains the moisture and rots them. The moisture is absorbed by the straw. They should never be bruised.

The most successful keeper of the common potato whose practice we ever new, always covered his large heaps (70 or 80 bushels) with straw packed a foot thick, which absorbed the unnecessary moisture, so that he rarely lost a peck in of these large heaps. Only 3 or 4 inches, of earth was needed outside the straw; and if he had covered the whole with a *shed*, doubtless the roots would have been still more secure from any danger.—*Country Gentleman.*

Agricultural Fairs.—State fairs seem to be growing into the Great Annual Festival, in many of the States, eclipsing all other gatherings by their comprehensive character, bringing into contact and communion men of all occupations and tastes, from the most remote portion of the State; and by the great aggregation of stock, vegetables, fruits and implements for exhibition, illustrating the perfection to which, by skill, care, and observance of physiological and mechanical laws, animals, vegetables and fruits, and the rude implements of the farmer can be brought. They cleave scales from the eyes of ignorance. They sweep away the films of prejudice, like cobwebs. They infuse into the mind of the young farmer an ambition to excel in his profession. They teach the money-loving votary of the profession, what fearful wastes, what exhaustion of his soil, what deterioration of his crops and stock, have been the consequence of persisting in dogged, and selfish, and unnatural courses, because his fathers did before him. They impress in ten thousand different ways, the superiority of intelligence over mere brute labor, and tell with ten thousand illustrations, that a sharp intellect is as necessary at one end of the plough, as a sharp coulter at the other; in a word, the supremacy of mind over matter.—*Toledo (Ohio) Blade.*

Salt for the "Grub."—Several agricultural papers have recommended the broadcast application of a few bushels of salt per acre, as an efficient means of destroying or repelling the grub and cut worm. A late number of the American Farmer gives the report of an intelligent and enterprising farmer on this subject, as follows: His corn-ground, previously clover and grass, was found "literally filled with grub and cut worms." He applied 2 bushels of packer's salt, and 2 bushels of plaster well mixed, per acre. The insects were destroyed, and the corn saved. Now, this quantity of salt, when dissolved into the soil, would not constitute a *ten thousandth part*—can it be that so minute a portion actually destroyed the insects? Was not their absence owing to some other cause? We have formerly applied salt in a dense circle around the stems of cabbage plants, to exclude the grub, but have found that he did not hesitate to crawl through the pure salt, and after destroying the plant and having filled himself, we have in some instances found him very coolly and quietly reposing in the salt, apparently without the slightest inconvenience. It strikes us that we need further experiments on this subject.—*Country Gentleman.*

A Cheap Barometer.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman, writes as follows: "For some years, I have been in the habit of watching the condition of the gum in my wife's camphor bottle, which stands in our bed-room. And when not disturbed, it makes a capital weather-glass. It answers my purpose as well as a barometer that would cost me from $25 to $50. When there is to be a change of weather from fair to windy or wet, the thin flakes, of the gum will rise up, and sometimes when there was to be a great storm, I have seen them at the top. When they settle down clearly at the bottom, then we are sure of grand weather. Any farmer who will watch his wife's camphor-bottle for a season, will never have occasion to watch the birds or locusts for indications of a change in the weather."

Threshing Seed Wheat with Machines.—Having seen some statements that seed wheat was damaged by being threshed with machines, I took a little notice of mine last fall. My wheat was plump and good, and threshed by a machine. After it was sown, I noticed a moist spot where the wheat was not covered but had sprouted. I commenced counting, and counted 96 kernels all sound, and found but one that had the chit broken. I came to the conclusion that my wheat was not injured by the machine more than it would to have been flailed. So says T. W. Dunham, in the Michigan Farmer.

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 1, 10, 21, 21, 15, 9, was a river of Egypt.
My 2, 21, 26, 18, was a son of Abinadab.
My 3, 22, 26, 9, 14, was worn by the high priest.
My 4, 2, 3, 15, 26, was an island in the Ægean sea.
My 5, 20, 10, 12, 14, was a city of Benjamin.
My 6, 26, 25, 2, 23, was a Jewish month.
My 7, 15, 24, 2, 9, 21, was a kinsman of Saul.
My 8, 11, 26, 10, 2, 27, 2, was a valley between Bethlehem and Jerusalem.
My 9, 2, 25, 17, 16, 9, was a Jewish festival.
My 10, 2, 7, 18, 26, 21, was a queen of Persia.
My 11, 13, 22, 15, 6, was a king of the Moabites.
My 12, 15, 20, 21, was a city of Egypt.
My 13, 5, 23, 27, 2, 25, 21, was a celebrated Philistine.
My 14, 22, 2, 21, was a king of Israel.
My 15, 2, 9, 27, was an officer in the army of Israel.
My 16, 9, 10, 23, 2, 22, 4, 21, was a cup bearer to the king of Persia.
My 17, 10, 3, 2, 12, was a city of Edom.
My 18, 5, 4, 22, 26, 29, 1, was an ancient and powerful people.
My 19, 17, 21, 2, 6, was a celebrated Levite.
My 20, 21, 17, 21, 15, 3, was one of Pharaoh's treasure cities.
My 21, 15, 7, 26, 2, 2, was a king of Israel.
My 22, 26, 10, 2, 3, 2, 8, was the son of Aaron.
My 23, 22, 13, 26, 15, 6, was a body of soldiers.
My 24, 20, 6, 2, 14, 23, was one of the patriarchs.
My 25, 27, 3, 15, 28, was a famous sorcerer of Samaria.
My 26, 6, 15, 2, 30, was a maritime city of Mysia.
My 27, 30, 10, 3, 2, 14, 23, was the ancestor of a tribe.
My 28, 11, 6, 13, 2, 11, was a heathen idol.
My 29, 13, 2, 17, 24, was a seaport of Idumea.
My 30, 3, 7, 26, 21, 9, 12, 14, 25, was a ruler of the Synagogue.
My whole was an event which is recorded in Kings.

Sheffield, Pa. J. C. O.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 1, 17, 14, 10, is necessary to sustain life.
My 2, 6, 14, is the female of a race of quadrupeds.
My 3, 2, 4, is something fresh.
My 4, 10, 8, 6, is the name of a stream.
My 5, 17, 6, is a tree of antiquity.
My 6, 4, 2, 3, is a species of summer birds.
My 7, 2, 19, 17, 4, 10, 18, is a space or [illegible].
My 8, 11, 12, 16, is the young of my 2, 6, 14.
My 9, 14, 11, 10, is characteristic of the vulgar.
My 10, 15, 2, is sometimes provoked.
My 11, 3, 19, is a small quadruped.
My 12, 11, 7, 3, 10, 11, 10, 3, is to carry out a design.
My 13, 11, 19, 17, is of the unforgiving.
My 14, 11, 4, is found in man and beast.
My 15, 10, 12, is the edge or circumference.
My 16, 7, 19, 17, is a wound made by most animals.
My 17, 12, 18, 15, 4, is the last remains of a fire.
My 18, 11, 12, 16, 9, 2, is a pleasant walk.
My 19, 13, 7, 12, 16, 9, 2, is used by the ladies.
My whole is the name of a popular and pleasing American writer. LILLIE.

Twinsburgh.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

That my first is either good or bad,
You'll often hear the people say;
To be quite satisfied mankind
Must have my second every day.

Near by the Chesapeake's fair shore,
A quaint sequestered spot,
My whole is found. Would you know more?
Find out; I'll tell you not!

Philad. GAMMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first if you add a letter is a guard to the ladies
My second is useful to a fish.
My whole is unwholesome but liked by many when hot. HAMILTON EDGAR.

Middletown Point, N. J.

ALGEBRAICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Given the sum of two numbers, 15, and the difference of the squares of those numbers equal to 3 times the square of their difference. Required the numbers?

West Town.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are seeds when sown like gate posts. Ans.—They are planted in the earth to propagate (prop a gate.)

☞ Why is a woman's tongue like a planet. Ans.—Because nothing short of the power that created it, is able to stop it in its course.

☞ Why should a thief never steal candles? Ans.—Because they will surely come to light.

☞ Why is a tailor like a privy counsellor? Ans.—Because he takes his place at the board.

☞ Why is a widow like a piece of fresh pork? Ans.—Because she is a spare-rib.

☞ A prize for the best conundrum was offered at Burke's benefit at Sacramento, and the following won it over fifty competitors: Why is a Chinaman the most wonderful of known animals? Ans.—Because his head and tail sprout from the same end.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.
European Battle Ground.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.
The Foundation of Rome by Romulus.

RIDDLE.—The Eye.

CHARADE.—Lip-pin-cott.

Answer to Meet Wilson's Charade.

Published Aug. 20th.

Your first so pleasant to ladies,
Is dreadfully killing to men;
Victorious every maid is,
Who knows what to do with her FAN.

Your first and second united,
(Forgive the remark, my own Annie,)
Form the prettiest name e'er indited,
Bewitching, invincible FANNY.

Your third in Latin is Filia,
You call it a plant, for you tern,
It has given plenty of dry licks,
That coney, mysterious FERN.

What need to add that the whole is
An author from whom all may learn
How worthy and wise women's soul is?
'Tis thy name, great, brave FANNY FERN!

New York, Aug. 20th. ROLAND.

Britannia's Scented Handkerchief.—In an English work on Chemistry, we find a statement, showing what Britannia spends and the duty she pays to the Exchequer, for the mere pleasure of perfuming her handkerchief. As flowers, for the sake of their perfumes, are on the continent principally cultivated for trade purposes, the odors derived from them, when imported into England in the form of essential oils, are taxed with a small duty of 1s. per pound, which is found to yield a revenue of just £12,000 per annum. The duty on Eau de Cologne imported in the year 1852 was in round numbers £10,000, being 1s. per bottle upon 20,000 flacons imported. The duty upon the spirits used in the manufacture of perfumery at home is at least £20,000, making a total of £42,000 per annum to the revenue, independent of the tax upon snuff, which some of the ancient Britons indulge their noses with. If £42,000 represents the small tax upon perfuming substances for one year, ten times that amount is the very lowest estimate which can be put upon the articles at their average retail cost. By these calculations—and they are within the mark—we discover that Britannia spends £420,000 ($2,100,000) a year in perfumery.

The Olio.

The Hymeneal Altar.—Why are people about to marry always represented as going to lead or be led to the hymeneal altar? Are we in a Christian land? Here is a paragraph from a fashionable contemporary: "Lady E—— E——, daughter of the Earl and Countess of E——, is about to be married to the Hon. G—— B——, M. P." Now, this reads like a bit of reasonable current history. Antiquarians, who may come from New Zealand to dig up mounds on the Thames, finding such a statement, will conclude that Lady E—— E—— and Mr. G—— B—— lived in Christian times, and were members of a Christian church. But what will they make of the announcement in the same paper: "Mr. H—— will lead to the hymeneal altar the youthful and beautiful Miss E—— L——." Will they infer that Mr. H—— and Miss L—— followed the pagan rite? or will they assume that it was customary for ladies to be wedded at the communion-table, and Misses at some other sort of shrine, known as the altar of Hymen? or will they suppose that marriage was a purely patrician institution—the lady being made a wife, and the Miss being only made a lady? We, of course, know the facts—but we know them in spite of the report. We are aware that Mr. H—— is not about to lead Miss L—— to the hymeneal altar. We know that there is no hymeneal altar in London. We are sure, moreover, that if there were, it would be the very last place to which Miss L—— would consent to be led. Why, then, will our chroniclers go on talking of things that have passed away as if they were still living? Why prattle of hymeneal altar, when the thing meant is a communion-table—talking nonsense now, in order to puzzle learned pundits in the future?—*Lloyd's Newspaper.*

The Story of Cinderella.—The origin of this nursery tale is thus given by a French journalist. We tell the tale as told to us, but it is probable of much greater antiquity. About the year 1730, an actor of equal talent and wealth, named Thevenard, in passing through the streets of Paris, observed upon a cobbler's stall, the shoe of a female, which struck him by the remarkable smallness of its size. After admiring it for some time, he returned to his house; but his thoughts reverted to the shoe with such intensity, that he re-appeared at the stall the next day; but the cobbler could give him no other clue to the owner, than that it had been left in his absence, for the purpose of being repaired. Day after day did Thevenard return to his post to watch the re-integration of the slipper, which proceeded slowly; nor did the proprietor appear to claim it. Although he had completed the sixtieth year of his age, so extravagant became his passion for the unknown fair one, that he became (were it possible for a Frenchman of that day to be so) melancholy and miserable. His pain was, however, somewhat appeased by the avatar of the little foot itself, appertaining to a pretty and youthful girl in the very humblest class of life. All distinctions were levelled at once by love; the actor sought the parents of the female, procured their consent to the match, and actually made her his wife.

The American Press of the Last Century.—In April, 1775, there were thirty-seven newspapers published in the American Colonies. Of this number only eight were fully committed to the interests of the British Government, and twenty-three were devoted to the American cause. Of the papers which did not originally take sides upon the questions then agitated, no less than five went over to the Tory party during the war. Up to the beginning of the strife, printing had been confined to the capitals or principal towns; but the events of the war, interfering with all employments, caused the removal of some of the public journals to places in the interior, where their publication was interrupted or discontinued. The five States of Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, and South Carolina, taken together, had but one more newspaper than Pennsylvania, and only three more than Massachusetts alone supported. In the year 1796, there were two hundred newspapers published in the United States; 178 or 180 of these supported the measures of Washington's and Adams's Administrations. The 20 others were mostly under the control of aliens, and were opposed to the leading measures then adopted by the Executive.

Wonders of Chemistry.—The horse-shoe nails dropped in the streets during the daily traffic, re-appear in the shape of swords and guns. The clippings of the travelling tinker are mixed with the parings of the horses' hoofs from the smithy, or the cast-off woollen garments of the poorest inhabitants of a sister-isle, and soon afterward, in the form of dyes of brightest blue, grace the dress of courtly dames. The main ingredient of the ink with which I write was possibly once part of the broken hoop of an old beer-barrel. The bones of dead animals yield the chief constituent of lucifer-matches. The dregs of port-wine, carefully rejected by the port-wine drinker, in decanting his favorite beverage, are taken by him in the morning, in the form of seidlitz powders, to remove the effects of his debauch. The offal of the streets and the washing of coal-gas, reappear, carefully preserved in the lady's smelling-bottle, or are used by her to flavor *blanc-mange* for her friends.—*Lyon Playfair.*

London Not One Hundred Years Ago, and Now.—In 1766, London contained but eight and a half square miles—it now covers forty. Should even the ratio of increase for the last century continue during a similar period, London would cover two hundred square miles; but as the real increase has been during the last thirty years, should we take *that* ratio of increase, it is stupendous to contemplate the gigantic bulk to which it may attain! What would our nervous ancestors, who, two hundred years since, endeavored, by act of Parliament, to prevent London's extension, and what would Major Rennel say, to find a capital already exceeding in population the amount he considers the *ultimatum* of possibility in regard to adequate supplies of food?—*Gentlemen's Magazine.*

Master and Pupil.—Dr. Edward Beecher, in a lecture before the American Teacher's Institute, at its recent meeting in Providence, uttered a noble sentiment, which is thus reported by a correspondent of the *Post*. It conveys a lesson which every parent and every teacher should heed: "It is of the highest importance to treat with respect the sense of justice in a child. In my experience as committeeman, I have often known the teacher to be wrong and the scholar to be right. I would say to a teacher, always respect the sense of justice in the pupil. It is better that a teacher should make twenty acknowledgments of error, before the whole school, than that the sense of justice in the smallest pupil should be outraged in a single instance."

Human Life.—Ah! this beautiful world. Indeed, I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and heaven is not far off; and then it changes suddenly, and it is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the sky. In the lives of the saddest of us, there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take this great world in our arms. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn in our hearts or on our hearths, and all without and within is dismal, cold, and dark. Believe, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—*Longfellow.*

The Ancient Giants of Finland.—Before the French—so runs the legend—there were the giants; a good while before, we should think, by the account the Fins give of their departure. The Finnish tradition declares—a giant child came one day to her giantess mamma, and showed her a curious insect she held in her apron, and had picked up on the plain. It was a plough, with team and driver. "Alas, my child," said mamma, "this is a token of grief to us. Where this thing appears—small as it looks—we of the old race cannot long abide." And so it proved; and so we may form some near guess as to when the Finnish Giants went away.

A Poor Man's Wish.—I asked a student what three things he most wished. He said, "Give me books, health and quiet, and I care for nothing more." I asked the miser, and he cried, "Money—money—money!" I asked a pauper, and he faintly said, "Bread—bread—bread!" I asked the multitude around me, and they lifted up a confused cry, in which I heard the words "wealth, fame, and pleasure." I asked a poor man, who had long borne the character of an experienced Christian. He replied, "All that I wish is health, wisdom, and to have a constant love for my Maker and Redeemer."

☞ An old preacher once took for his text, "Adam, where art thou?" and divided his subject into three parts—1st. All men are somewhere; 2nd. Some men are where they ought not to be; and 3rd. Unless they take care, they will soon find themselves where they would rather not be.